THE CITY MATCH.

A COMOEDY

PRESENTED TO THE

KING and QVEENE

AT WHITE-HALL.

ACTED SINCE
AT BLACK-FRIERS BY HIS
MAIESTIES *Servants.*

HORAT. de Arte Poet.
Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult.

By J. M. *St: of Ch: Ch: in* OXON.

OXFORD,
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TO THE READER.

THe Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the beſt things protect themſelves from cenſure, had no ambition to make it this way publique. Holding workes of this light nature to be things which need an Apology for being written at all. Nor eſteeming otherwiſe of them, whoſe abilities in this kind are moſt paſſable, than of Maſquers, who ſpangle, and glitter for the time, but tis through a tinſell. As it was meerly out of Obedience that he firſt wrot it, ſo when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place, where it took life. Himſelfe being ſo averſe from raiſing fame from the ſtage, that at the preſentment, he was one of the ſevereſt ſpectators there; nor ever ſhew'd other ſigne whereby it might be known to be his, but his liberty to deſpiſe it. Yet he hath at length conſented it ſhould paſſe the Preſſe; not with an Ayme to purchaſe a new Reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worſe. For underſtanding that ſome at London, without his Approbation or allowance, were ready to print a falſe, Imperfect Copy, he was loth to be libell'd by his own work; or that his Play ſhould appear to the world with more than its own faults. Farewell.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE Author, Royall Sir, ſo dreads this night,
As if for writing he were doom'd to th' ſight.
Or elſe, unleſſe you do protect his fame,
Y' had ſav'd his Play, and ſentenc'd him to th' flame.
For though your name, or power, were ith' reprive,
Such workes, he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
Which, for this place being reſcued from the fire,
Take ruine from th' advancement, and fall higher.
Though None, he hopes, ſit here upon his wit,
As if he Poems did, or Plaies commit.
Yet he muſt needs fear cenſure, that feares praiſe,
Nor would write ſtill wer't to ſucceed ith' Baies.
For he is not oth' trade, nor would excell
In this kind, where tis lightneſſe to do well.
Yet as the Gods refin'd baſe things, and ſome
Beaſts foule ith' Heard grew pure ith' Hecatombe;
And as the Oxe prepar'd, and crowned Bull
Are Offerings, though kept back, and Altars full:
So, mighty Sir, this Sacrifice being neer
The Knife at Oxford, which y' have kindled here,
He hopes twill from you, and the Queen, grow clean,
And turne t' Oblation, what He meant a Scene.

THE

THE PROLOGUE

At

BLACK-FRIERS.

WEre it his trade, the Author bid me ſay,
Perchance he'd beg you would be good to th' Play,
And I, to ſet him up in Reputation,
Should hold a Baſon forth for Approbation.
But praiſe ſo gain'd, He thinks, were a Reliefe
Able to make his Comœdy a Briefe.
For where your pitty muſt your judgement be,
Tis not a Play, but you fir'd houſes ſee.
Look not his quill, then ſhould petitions runne;
No Gatherings here into a Prologue ſpun.
Whether their ſold Scenes be diſlikt, or hit,
Are cares for them who eat by th' ſtage, and wit.
He's One, whoſe unbought Muſe did never fear
An Empty ſecond day, or a thin ſhare;
But can make th' Actors, though you come not twice,
No Looſers, ſince we act now at the Kings price.
Who hath made this Play publique, and the ſame
Power that makes Lawes, redeem'd this from the flame.
For th' Author builds no fame, nor doth aſpire
To praiſe, from that which he condemn'd to th' fire.
He's thus ſecure, then, that he cannot win
A Cenſure ſharper than his own hath been.

The Persons of the Play.

Warehouse.	An old Merchant.
Frank Plotwell.	His Nephew.
Cypher.	His Factor.
Baneswright.	Old Plotwell disguised.
Madam Aurelia.	Penelope Plotwell his daughter.
Seathrift.	A Merchant.
Mrs Seathrift.	His VVife.
Timothy.	His Sonne.
Dorcas.	Susan Seathrift his daughter.
Bright. *Newcut.*	Two Templers.
Mrs Scruple.	A Puritan Schoolemistresse.
Mrs Holland.	A Seamster on the Exchange.
Quartfield.	A Captaine.
Salewit.	A Poet.
Roseclapp.	One that keeps an Ordinary.
Mill.	His wife.

Prentice.
Two Footmen.
Boy that sings.

The SCENE.

LONDON.

Acts.

Actus I. Scena I.

Ware-house. Seathrift.

I Promise you 'twill be a most rare plot.
Ware-h. The City, Mr *Seathrift*, never yet
Brought forth the like; I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for Sheriffe mend it. *Seath.* Mend it? Why!
'Tis past the wit oth' Court of Aldermen.
Next Merchant Taylor that writes Chronicles
Will put us in. *Ware-h.* For, since I tooke him home,
Though, Sir, my Nephew, as you may observe,
Seeme quite transfigur'd, be as dutifull
As a new prentice; in his talke declaime
'Gainst revelling Companions, be as hard
To be entic'd from home as my doore posts;
This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know S^r——
Seath. You told me M^r *VVarehouse*. *Ware-h.* Not the sea
When it devour'd my ships cost me so much
As did his vanities, A voyage to th' Indies
Has been lost in a Night. His dayly suits
Were worth more then the stock that set me up.
For which he knew none but the Silk-mans book,
And studied that more than the Law. He had
His Loves too, and his Mistresses; was enter'd
Among the Philosophicall Madams, was
As great with them as their Concerners, and I heare
Kept one of them in pension. *Seath.* My sonne too
Hath had his Errours; I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by whole sale
He took againe in quarts, and at the day

Vintners hath paid me with his large ſcores. But
He is reformed too. *Ware-h.* S^r, we now are friends
In a deſigne. *Seath.* And hope to be in time
Friends in Allyance, Sir. *Ware-h.* Ile be Free,
I thinke well of your ſonne. *Seath.* Who? Timothy?
Believ't a virtuous boy, and for his ſiſter
A very Saint. *Ware-h.* Miſtake me not, I have
The like opinion of my Nephew, Sir,
Yet he is young, and ſo is your ſonne, nor
Doth the Church-book ſay they are paſt our feares.
Our preſence is their bridle now: Tis good
To know them well whom we doe make our Heires.
Seath. It is moſt true. *Ware-h.* Well, and how ſhall wee
How They will uſe their fortune, or what place (know
We have in their affection without triall?
Some wiſe men build their own Tombes, let us try
If we were dead whether our Heires would cry,
Or their long clokes: this plot will do't. *Seath.* Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. Ile home
And take leave of my wife and ſonne. *Ware-h.* And Ile
Come to you at your Garden houſe, within there. *Ex. Seath.*
Enter Cypher.

Actvs I. Scena II.

Warehouſe. Cypher.

NOw *Cypher*, where's my Nephew? *Cyph.* In the Hall
Reading a letter which a footman brought
Juſt now to him from a Lady Sir. *Ware-h.* A Lady?
Cyph. Yes, Sir, a Lady in diſtreſſe; for I
Could overheare the fellow ſay, ſhe muſt
Sell her Coach-horſes, and returne againe
To her Needle, if your Nephew dont ſupply her
With mony. *Ware-h.* This is ſome honourable ſeamſtreſſe.
I'me

Ime now confirmd: They ſay he keeps a Lady;
And this is ſhe. Well *Cypher* tis too late
To change my project now. Be ſure you keep
A Diary of his Actions, ſtrictly marke
VVhat company comes to him, if he ſtirre
Out of my houſe, obſerve the place he enters?
VVatch him till he come out: follow him diſguiſed
To all his haunts. *Cyph.* He ſhall not want a ſpy Sir.
But Sir, when you are abſent, if he draw not
A Lattice to your doore, and hang a buſh out —
Ware-h. I hope he will not make my houſe a Taverne.
Cyph. Sir I'me no Sybils ſonne. *Ware-h.* Peace, here he comes. *Enter Plotwell in a ſad poſture.*

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Ware-houſe. Plotwell. Cypher.

Good morrow Nephew: how now? ſad? how comes
This melancholy? *Plotw.* Can I choſe but weare
Clouds in my face, when I muſt venture, Sir,
Your reverend age to a long doubtfull voyage
And not partake your dangers? *Ware-h.* Fye, theſe feares
Though they become you, Nephew, are ominous.
VVhen heard you from your Father? *Plotw.* Never ſince
He made the eſcape, Sir. *Ware-h.* I heare he is in *Ireland*:
I'ſt true he tooke your ſiſter with him? *Plotw.* So
Her Miſtreſſe thinks, Sir, one day ſhe left the Exchange,
And has not ſince been heard of. *Ware-h.* And Nephew,
How like you your new courſe; which place preferre you?
The Temple or Exchange? where are, think you,
The wealthier Mines, in the Indies, or
VVeſtminſter Hall? *Plotw.* Sir my deſires take meaſure
And forme from yours. *Ware-h.* Nay tell me your mind plainly,
I'th City tongue. Ide have you ſpeake like *Cypher*.

I doe not like queint figures, they doe ſmell
Too much o'th' Ignes of Court. *Plotw.* Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impreſſions which—*Ware-h.* Againe?
Plotw. Sir, I preferre your kinde of life, a Merchant,
Ware-h. Tis ſpoken like my Nephew: Now I like you.
Nor ſhall I ere repent the benefits
I have beſtow'd, but will forget all Errours, *Exit Cyph.*
As mere ſeducements: And will not only be
An Unkle, but a Father to you; But then
You muſt be conſtant, Nephew. *Plotw.* Elſe I were blind
To my good fortune, Sir. *VVare-h.* Think man how it may
In time make thee oth' Citie Senate, and raiſe thee (me
To th' ſword and Cap of Maintenance. (*Plotw.* Yes, and make
Sentence light bread, and pounds of butter on horſe-back.)
VVare-h. Have Gates and Conduits dated from thy yeare;
Ride to the Spittle on thy free beaſt. (*Plotw.* Yes,
Free of your Company.) *VVare-h.* Have the people vaile
As low to his trappings as if he thrice had fined
For that good times imployment. [*Plotw.* Or as if
He had his Riders wiſdome.) *VVare-h.* Then the workes
And good deeds of the Citie to goe before Thee,
Beſides a troope of Varlets. (*Plotw.* Yes, and I
To ſleepe the ſermon in my Chaine and Scarlet.)
VVare-h. How ſay you? Lets heare that. *Plotw.* I ſay, Sir, I
To ſit at ſermon in my chaine and ſcarlet.
Ware-h. Tis right, and be remembred at the Croſſe.
Plotw. And then at Seſſions, Sir, and all times elſe,
Maſter Recorder to ſave me the trouble,
And underſtand things for me. *VVare-h.* All this is poſſible,
And in the ſtarres and windes: therefore deare Nephew,
You ſhall purſue this courſe, and to enable you
In this halfe yeare that I ſhall be away,
Cypher ſhall teach you French, Italian, *Spaniſh*,
And other Tongues of Traffique. *Plotw.* Shall I not learne
Arithmetick too, Sir, and ſhort-hand? *VVare-h.* Tis well
Remembred,

Remembred, yes, and Navigation. *Enter Cypher.*
Cyph. Sir, Mr *Seathrift* saies you will loose the tyde,
The boat staies for you. *Ware-h.* Well, Nephew, at my return
As I heare of your carriage, you doe know
What my intentions are; and for a Token
How much I trust your reformation,
Take this key of my Counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my absence. Farewell. Nay
No teares, Ile be here sooner then you think on't,
Cypher you know what you have to do. *Cyph.* I warrant you, Sr.
Plotw. Teares? yes my melting eyes shall run, but it (*Exit*
Shall be such teares as shall increase the tide
To carry you from hence. *Cyph.* Come Mr *Plotwell* shall I
Read to you this morning. *Plotw.* Read, what? how the price
Of sugar goes, how many pints of Olives
Goe to a jarre, how long wine workes at sea,
What difference is in gaine between fresh herrings
And herrings red? *Cyph.* This is fine, ha you
Forgot your Uncles charge? *Plotw.* Prithee what was't?
Cyph. To learne the Tongues and Mathematiques. *Pl.* Troth
If I have tongue enough to say my prayers
Ith' phrase oth' Kingdome I care not; otherwise
I'me for no tongues but dry'd ones, such as will
Give a fine relliſh to my backragge; and for Mathematiques,
I hate to travail by the Map, Me thinks *Enter Bright*
Tis riding post. *Cyph.* I knew twould come to this. *& Newcut.*
Here be his Camerades. *Plotw.* What my Fleetstreet friends?
Exit Cypher.

Scena IV.

To Him Bright and Newcut.

Br. SAve you Merchant *Plotwell*. *Newc.* Mr *Plotwell*
Citizen and Merchant, save you. *Br.* Is thy Uncle
Gone the wisht voyage? *Plotw.* Yes, he's gone, and if
He dye by th' way hath bequeathd me but some

Twelve

Twelve hundred pound a yeare in Kent, ſome three
Score thouſand pound in money, beſides Jewels, Bonds,
And deſperate debts. *New.* And doſt not thou fall downe
And pray to th' windes to ſacrifice him to
Poore John and Mackrell? *Br.* Or invoke ſome rock
To doe thee juſtice? *New.* Or ſome compendious Canon
To take him off ith' middle? *Plotw.* And why my tender
Soft-hearted friends? *Br.* What to take thee from the Temple
To make thee an old Juryman, a Whittington?
New. To transforme thy pluſh to penny-ſtone; and ſcarlet
Into a velvet Jacket which hath ſeene
Aleppo twice, is knowne to the great Turke,
Hath ſcapt, three ſhipwracks to be left off to thee,
And knowes the way to Mexico as well as the Map?
Br. This Jacket ſurely was imploy'd in finding
The Northeaſt paſſage out. Or the ſame jacket
That *Coryat* died in. *Plotw.* Very good. *New.* in *Ovid*
There is not ſuch a Metamorphoſis
As thou art now. To be turnd into a tree
Or ſome handſome beaſt is courtly to this.
But for thee, Franck, O Tranſmutation!
Of Satin chang'd to Kerſy hoſe I ſing.
Slid his ſhooes ſhine too. *Br.* They have the Greſham dye,
Doſt thou not dreſſe thy ſelfe by 'em? I can ſee
My face in them hither. *Plotw.* Very pleaſant Gentlemen.
Br. And faith for how many yeares art thou bound?
Plotw. Do you take me for a prentice? *New.* Why then what
Doſt thou beare in the Pariſh this yeare? Let's feele, (office
No batteries in thy head to ſignifie
Th'art Conſtable? *Br.* No furious Jugge broke on it
In the Kings name? *Plotw.* Did you contrive this ſcene
By the way Gentlemen? *New.* No, but the Newes
Thou ſhouldſt turne Trades-man, and this Pagan dreſſe,
In which if thou ſhouldſt die thou wouldſt be damned
For an Uſurer, is comicall at the Temple.

We were about to bring in ſuch a fellow
For an Apoſtate in our Antimaſque.
Set one to keepe the doore, provide half-crowne roomes,
For Ile ſet bills up of thee. What ſhall I
Give thee for the firſt day? *Br.* I, or ſecond?
For thou't endure twice or thrice comming in.
Plotw. Well my conceipted Orient friends, bright Offſprings
Oth' female ſilk-worme, and Taylor male I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid for Glory.
That in theſe colours you ſet out the *Strand*,
And adorne Fleet-ſtreet. That you may laugh at me
Poore Work ing-day oth' Citie, like two Feſtivals
Eſcapt, out of the Almanacke. *New.* Sirrah *Bright*,
Didſt look to heare ſuch language beyond Ludgate?
Br. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge.
But wit that goes oth' ſcore, that may extend,
If t be a Courtiers wit, into Cheapſide.
Plotw. Your Mercer lives there does he? I warrant you
He has the patience of a burnt Heretique:
The very faith that ſold to you theſe ſilkes
And thinks you'l pay for em is ſtrong enough
To ſave the Infidell part oth' world, or Antichriſt.
Br. W'are moſt mechanically abuſed. *New.* Let's teare
His Jacket off. *Br.* A match, take that ſide. *Plotw.* Hold, hold!
Br. How fraile a thing old velvet is, it parts *They teare off*
With as much eaſe and willingnes as two Cowards. *his Jacket*
New. The tenderſt weed that ever fell aſunder.
Plotw. Ha you your wits? what mean you? *Br.* Goe, put on
One of thy Temple ſuits and accompany us,
Or elſe thy Dimmety breeches be mortall. *Plotw.* You will
Not ſtrip me will you? *New.* By thy viſible eares we will.
Br. By this two handed Beaver; which is ſo thinne
And light a Butterflies wings put to't would make it
A Mercuries flying hat and ſoare aloft.
Plotw. But do you know to how much danger

You

You tempt me? ſhould my Uncle know I come
VVithin the ayre of Fleet-ſtreet——. *New.* VVill you make
Your ſelfe fit for a coach againe, and come
Along with us? *Plotw:* VVell my two reſolute friends
You ſhall prevaile. But whither now are your
Lewd motions bent? *New:* VVeel' dine at *Roſeclaps*, there
VVe ſhall meet Captaine *Quartfield*, and his Poet,
They ſhall ſhew us another fiſh.

Br: But by the way we have agreed to ſee
A Lady, you Mechanick. *Plotw:* VVhat Lady? *New:* Haſt
Not thou heard of the new ſprung Lady? *Br:* One
That keeps her Coach-man, Foot-boy, woman, and ſpends
A thouſand pound a yeare by wit. *Plotw:* *How?* wit?

New: That is her patrimony, Sir; tis thought
The fortune ſhe is borne to will not buy
A bunch of turnips. *Plotw:* *She* is no gameſter is ſhe?
Nor carries falſe dice? *Br:* No, but has a Tongue,
VVert in a Lawyers mouth, would make him buy
All young heires neer him. *Plotw:* But does no man know
From whence ſhe came? *Br.* As for her birth ſhe may
Chooſe her own pedigree; it is unknowne
Whether ſhe be deſcended of ſome Ditch,
Or Dutcheſſe. *New.* She's the wonder of the Court,
And talke oth' Towne. *Plotw* Her name? *New.* *Aurelia.*

Plotw. I've heard of her. They ſay ſhe does fight duells,
And anſwers challenges in wit. *Br.* She has beene
Thrice in the field. *Plotw.* *Ith'* the field? *New* Yes, in *Springs* (*Garden*
Has conquerd with no ſecond but her woman,
A Puritan, and has returned with prizes.

Plotw. And no drum beat before her? *New* No, nor Colours
Flouriſh'. She has made a vow never to marry
Till ſhe be won by Stratagem. *Plotw.* *I* long
To ſee her. *Br.* Ith' name of Guild-hall who comes here?

Enter Timothy

SCENA V.

Scena V.

To them Timothy.

Tim. BY your leave Gentlemen. *Plotw.* Mr *Timothy!*
Welcome from the New world. I lookt you ſhould
Ha paſt through halfe the ſignes in Heaven by this.
And ha converſt with the Dolphins. What not gone
To ſea with your Father? *Tim.* No faith, I doe not love
To goe to ſea, it makes one lowſie, laies him
In wooden ſheets, and lands him a preſervative
Againſt the plague. Beſides my Mother was
Afraid to venture me. *Plotw.* Believ't ſhe's wiſe,
Not to truſt ſuch a wit to a thinne frayle bark
Where you had ſaild within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Beſides the toſſing, to have
All the fierce bluſtring faces in the Map
Swell more tempeſtuouſly upon you then
Lawyers preferd, or Trumpeters. And whither
VVere you bound now? *Tim.* I onely came to have
Your judgment of my ſuit. *Plotw.* Surely the Taylor
Has done his part. *Tim.* And my mother has done hers,
For ſhe has paid for't. I never durſt be ſeen
Before my Father out of Duretta and Serge.
But if he catch me in ſuch paltry ſtuffes,
To make me looke like one that lets out mony,
Let him ſay *Timothy* was borne a foole.
Before he went he made me doe what he liſt;
Now he's abroad Ile doe what I liſt. VVhat
Are theſe two? Gentlemen? *Plotw.* You ſee they weare
Their Heraldry. *Tim.* But I meane can they roare,
Beat Drawers, play at dice, and court their Miſtreſſe?
I meane forthwith to get a Miſtreſſe. *Plotw.* But
How comes this, Mr *Timothy*, you did not

Riſe

Riſe ſuch a gallant this morning. *Tim.* Alls one 'or that:
My Mother loſt her Maiden-head that I
Might come firſt into th' world; and by Gods lid
Ile beare my ſelfe like the elder brother, I.
D'you think Ile all daies of my life frequent
Saint *Antlins*, like my ſiſter? Gentlemen
I covet your acquaintance. *Br.* Your ſervant, Sir.
New. I ſhall be proud to know you. *Tim.* Sir, my knowledg
Is not much worth; I'me borne to a ſmall fortune,
Some hundred thouſand pound, if once my Father
Held up his hands in Marble, or kneeld in braſſe.
VVhat are you Inns of Court-men? *New.* The Catechiſme
VVere falſe ſhould we deny it. *Tim.* I ſhall ſhortly
Be one my ſelfe, I learne to dance allready,
And weare ſhort cloakes; I meane in your next Maſque
To have a part, I ſhall take moſt extreamly.
Br. You will inflame the Ladies, Sir. They'l ſtrive
VVho ſhall moſt privately convey Jewels
Into your hand. *New.* This is an excellent fellow;
VVho is't? *Plotw.* Rich *Seathrifts* ſonne thats gone to ſea
This morning with my Uncle. *Br.* Is this he
VVhoſe ſiſter thou ſhouldſt marry? The wench that brings
Ten thouſand pound. *Plotw.* My Uncle would fain have me,
But I have caſt her off. *Br.* VVhy? *Plotw.* Faith ſhe's hand.
And had a good wit, but her Schoole-Miſtreſſe (ſome,
Has made her a rank Puritan. *New.* Lets take him
Along with us and Captaine *Quartfield* ſhall ſhow him.
Plotw. Twill be an excellent Comœdy, and afterwards
I have a project on him. *Tim.* Gentlemen
Shall we dine at an Ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the Wits. *Plotw.* Sir, I
Will but ſhift cloths then wee'l aſſociate you.
But firſt you ſhall with us and ſee a Lady,
Rich as your Fathers cheſts and odde holes; and
Freſh as *Pygmalions* Miſtreſſe newly wakened

Out

Out of her Alablaſter. *Tim.* Lead on;
I long to ſee a Lady and to ſalute her.

Exeunt.

Actus II. Scena I.

Aurelia. Dorcas.

WHY we ſhall have you get in time the turne
Up of your Eyes, ſpeak in the Noſe, draw ſighes
Of an ell long, and raile at Diſcipline.
Would I could heare from *Banaſwright*, ere Ile be torturd
With your preciſeneſſe thus, Ile get dry palmes
With ſtarching, and put on my ſmocks my ſelfe.
Dor. Surely you may, and ayre'em too, there have beene
Very devout and holy women that wore
No ſhift at all. *Aur.* Such Saints you meane as wore
Their Congregations, and ſwarm'd with Chriſtian Vermin.
You'l hold cleane linnen Hereſie? *Dor.* Surely yes,
Cleane linnen in a Surpleſſes That and powders
Doe bring dry ſummers, make the ſickneſſe rage,
And th' Enemy prevaile. It was revealed
To Mr *Scruple* and her husband, who
Doe verily aſcribe the German warre,
And the late perſecutions, to curling,
False Teeth, and Oyle of *Talck*. *Aur.* Now ſhe is in
A Lecturer will ſooner hold his peace
Then ſhe. *Dor.* And ſurely, as Maſter *Scruple* ſaies,
Aur. That was her Schoole-maſter. One that cooles a feaſt
With his long grace, and ſooner eats a Capon
Then bleſſes it. *Dor.* And proves it very well
Out of a book that ſufferd Martyrdome
By fire in Cheapſide. Since Amulets, and Bracelets,
And Love-locks were in uſe, the price of ſprats,

Jeruſalem

Jeruſalem Artichocks, and Holland Cheeſe,
Is very much increaſed, ſo that the Brethren,
Botchers I meane, and ſuch poore zealous Saints,
As earne five groats a week under a ſtall,
By ſinging Pſalmes, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are faine
To turne——*Aur.* Old breeches, *Dor.* Surely, Teachers and Prophets

SCENA II.

To Them Baneſwright.

Aur OMr *Baneſwright*, are you come? my woman
VVas in her preaching fit, ſhe only wanted
A Tables end. *Baneſw.* VVhy whats the matter? *Aur.* (Never
Poore Lady had ſo much unbred holineſſe
About her perſon; I am never dreſt
VVithout a ſermon, but am forſt to prove
The lawfulneſſe of curling irons before
She'l criſp me in a morning; I muſt ſhow
Text for the faſhions of my gownes; ſhe I aske
VVhere Jewels are commanded, or what Lady
Ith' primitive times wore ropes of pearle or rubyes;
She will urge Councills for her litle ruffe
Cal'd in Northampton ſhire; and her whole ſervice
Is a meere confutation of my clothes.
Baneſw. VVhy Madam, I aſſure you time hath beene,
However ſhe be otherwiſe, when ſhe had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a Lady
A ſerviceable ſinner. *Aur.* She can't preſerve
The guift for which I took her) but (as though
She VVere inſpird from *Ipſwitch*) ſhe will make
The *Acts* and Monuments in ſweet-meats; Quinces
Arraigned and burnt at a ſtake; all my banquets

Are

Are perſecutions, and *Diocleſians* dayes
Are brought for entertainment, and we eat Martyrs.
Baneſw. Madam ſhe is farre gone. *Aur.* Nay, Sir, ſhe is
A Puritan at her needle too. *Baneſw.* Indeed?
Aur. She workes religious Petticoats; for flowers
She'l make Church Hiſtories; her needle doth
So ſanctify my Cuſhionets, beſides,
My ſmock-ſleeves have ſuch holy imbroderies,
And are ſo learned, that I feare in time
All my apparell will be quoted by
Some pure Inſtructer. Yeſterday I went
To ſee a Lady that has a Parrot, my woman
VVhile I was in diſcourſe converted the fowle,
And now it can ſpeak nought but Knoxes workes,
So theres a parrot loſt. *Baneſ.* Faith Madam ſhe
VVas earneſt to come to you, had I knowne
Her Miſtreſſe had ſo bred her *I* would firſt
Ha preferred her to new England. *Dor.* Surely, Sir,
You promiſed me when you did take my mony
To helpe me to a faithfull ſervice, a Lady
That would be ſaved. Not one that loves profane,
Unſanctified faſhions. *Aur.* Fly my ſight
You gooddy *Hofman*, and keepe your chamber till
You can provide your ſelfe ſome cure, or *I*
VVill forthwith excommunicate your zeale,
And make you a ſilent waiting woman. *Baneſ.* M^s *Dorcas*,
If you'l be uſher to that holy learned woman
That can heale broken ſhinnes, ſcald heads, and th' *Itch*,
Your ſchoole-miſtreſſe, that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and worke Hebrew ſamplers,
Ile helpe you back againe. *Dor.* The motion ſure is good
And *I* will ponder of it. *Aur.* From thy zeale, *Ex. Dorcas*
The frantick Ladies judgements, and *Hiſtriomaſtix*,
Deliver me. This was of your preferring,
You muſt needs helpe me to another. *Baneſ.* How

VVould you desire her qualified, deformed
And crooked like some Ladies, who doe weare
Their women like black patches to set them of?

Aur. I need no foile, nor shall I think I'me white
Only between two Moores: or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my womans doth stand right

Banes. But you would have her secret, able to keepe
Strange sights from th' knowledge of your Knight when you
Are married, Madam, of a quick fayning head?

Aur. You wrong me, *Banes-wright*, she whom I would have,
Must to her handsome shape have vertue too.

Banes-w. Well Madam I shal fit you. I doe know
A cholerick Lady which within these three weekes
Has, for not cutting her cornes well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
VVith the fourth, just one of your description.
Next change oth' Moone, or weather, when her feet
Doe ake againe, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your Ladiship. *Aur.* Expect your reward.

Exit Banes-wright.

Scena III.

To Her Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plotwell.

Tim. LAdy, let me tast the Elizium of your lips. (Sir,
Aur. Why what are you? you will not leap me,
Pray know your distance. *Tim.* VVhat am I sweet Lady?
My Father is an Aldermans fellow, and I
Hope to be one in time. *Aur.* Then, Sir, in time
You may be remembred at the quenching of
Fired houses, when the bells ring backward, by
Your name upon the Buckets. *Tim.* Nay they say
You have a good wit Lady, and *I* can finde it
Assoone as another: *I* in my time have been

Oth'

Oth' Univerſity, and ſhould have been a ſcholler.

Aur. By the ſize of your wit, Sir, had you kept
To that profeſſion, *I* can foreſee
You would have been a great perſecuter of Nature,
And great conſumer of ruſh Candles, with
As ſmall ſucceſſe, as if a Tortoiſe ſhould
Day and night practiſe to run races: Having
Contemplated your ſelfe into ill lookes,
In pitty to ſo much affliction,
You might ha paſt for learned: and 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muſes, and
Scap't Poetry: you might have riſen to ſcarlet.

Tim. Here's a rare Lady with all my heart, by this
Light Gentlemen, now have *I* no more language
Then a dumb parrot, a litle more ſhee'l jeere me
Into a fellow that turnes upon his toe
In a ſteeple and ſtrikes quarters. *Br.* *And* why ſhould you
Be now ſo dainty of your lips? verily
They are not Virgins, they have taſted Man.

Aur. *And* may againe: but then *Ile* be ſecur'd,
For the ſweet ayre oth' parties. *If* you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
Of foure ſufficient Ladies that you are
Cleane men, you may chance kiſſe my woman. *New.* Ladie,
Our lips are made of the ſame clay that yours,
And have not been refuſed. *Aur.* Tis right you are (Cladders
Two *Inns* of Court-men. *Br.* Yes, what then? *Aur.* Known
Through all the Towne. *Br.* Cladders? *Aur.* Yes, Catholick
From Countrey Madams to your Glovers wife Lovers
Or Laundreſſe; will not let poore Gentlewomen
Take phyſick quietly, but diſturbe their pills
From operation with your untaught viſits.
Or if they be employd, contrive ſmall plots
Below ſtaires with the Chamber-maid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards of ſalutes,

At foure deflowers a Roſe, at three kils ſpiders.

New. VVhat dangerous truths theſe are? *Aur.* Raviſh a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman, uſe ſtratagems
To get her ſilver whiſtle, and way-lay
Her pewter knots or bodkin. *New.* Pretty, pretty.

Br. You think you have abuſed us now? *Aur.* Ile tell you,
Had I in all the world but forty Mark,
And that got by my needle and making ſocks;
And were that fortie Mark Mil ſixpences,
Spurroyals, Harry groats, or ſuch odde coine
Of husbandry as in the Kings raigne now
Would never paſſe, I would deſpiſe you. *New.* Lady,
Your wit will make you die a witherd virgin.

Br. We ſhall in time when your moſt tyrant tongue
Hath made this houſe a wilderneſſe, and you
As unfrequented as a ſtates man fallen;
When you ſhall quarrell with your face and glaſſe,
Till from your pencill you have raiſd new cheeks,
See you beg ſuitors, write Bills ore your doore,
Here is an ancient Lady to be let.

New. You think you are handſome now, and that your eyes
Make ſtar-ſhooting, and dart? *Aur.* 'Tmay be I doe.

New. May I not proſper if I have not ſeene
A better face in ſignes, or ginger-bread.

Tim. Yes, I for two pence oft have bought a better.

Br. What a ſweet innocent looke you have! *Plotw.* Fye
Abuſe a harmleſſe Lady thus, I can't (gentlemen,
With patience heare your blaſphemies. Make me
Your ſecond Madam. *Tim.* And make me your third.

Aur. O prodigie to heare an Image ſpeake.
Why, Sir, I tooke you for a Mute ith' Hangings.
Ile tell the faces. *Tim.* Gentlemen doe I
Look like one of them Trojans? *Aur.* Tis ſo, your face
Is miſſing here, Sir, pray ſtep back againe
And fill the number; you I hope have more

Truth

Truth in you then to filch your ſelfe away,
And leave my roome unfurniſht. *Plotw.* By this light
She'l ſend for a Conſtable ſtraight and apprehend him
For theevery. *Tim.* Why Lady do you think me
Wrought in a Loome, ſome Dutch peece weavd at *Moorecklack*?
Aur. Surely you ſtood ſo ſimply, like a Man
Penning of Recantations, that I ſuſpected
Y' had beene a part of the Monopolie.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very Man, Ile think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance. *Plotw.* Lady you make
Raſh judgment of him, he was only ſtruck
With admiration of your beauty. *Tim.* Truly
And ſo I was. *Aur.* Then you can wonder, Sir?
Plotw. Yes when he ſees ſuch miracles as you.
Aur. And love me cant' you? *Tim.* Love you? By this hand
Ide love a dog of your ſweet looks; I am
Enamour'd of you Lady. *Aur.* Ha, ha, ha, now ſurely
I wonder you wear not a cap; your caſe
Requires warme things, Ile ſend you forth a Cawdle. *Exit.*
Br. The plague of rotten teeth, wrincles, lowd lunges
Be with you Madam. *Tim.* Had I now pen and inke,
If I were urgd I'de faine know whether I
In conſcience ought not to ſet down my ſelfe
No wiſer then I ſhould be. *Plotw.* Gentlemen
How like you her wit? *Tim.* Wit? I verily
Believe ſhe was begotten by ſome wit;
And he that has her, may beget playes on her.
New. Her wit had need be good, it finds her houſe.
Tim. Her houſe? Tis able to find the Court, if ſhe
Be chaſt to all this wit, I do not think
But that ſhe might be ſhown. *Br.* She ſpeaks with ſalt,
And has a pretty ſcornfullneſſe, which now
I've ſeen I'me ſatisfied. *New.* Come then away,
To *Roſeclaps*. *Tim.* Lead on, Let us dine? This Lady

Runnes

Runnes in my head ſtill. *Foot.* Sir, My Lady prayes *Enter a*
You would diſmiſſe your company, ſhe has *Footman.*
Some buſineſſe with you. *Plotw.* Gentlemen walk ſoftly,
Ile overtake you. *Br. Newcut* 'ſlight her wit
Is come to private meetings. *New.* I, I thought
She had ſome other vertues. Well make haſt,
VVee'l ſtay without, when thou haſt done informe us
What the rate is; if ſhe be reaſonable
Wee'l be her Cuſtomers. *Plotw.* Y'are merrie, Sir.
Ex. Br. New. Tim.
Enter Aurelia.

SCENA IV.

Plotwell. Aurelia.

NAy ſiſter you may enter, they are gone.
I did receive your ticket this morning. What?
You look the Mine ſhould run ſtill? *Aur.* O you are
A carefull brother, to put me on a courſe
That drawes the eies oth' Towne upon me, and makes me
Diſcourſe for Ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my Ladiſhip, and returne
To Ms *Holland*, and to making ſhirts,
And bands againe. *Plotw.* I hope you will not. *Aur.* I
Repent I left th' Exchange. *Plotw.* Faith I ſhould laugh
To ſee you there againe, and there ſerve out
The reſt of your Indentures, by managing
Your Needle well, and making Night-caps, by
A Chafing-diſh in winter mornings, to keep
Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your ſhop to paſſengers
In a fine ſale tune? *Aur.* What would you have me doe?
D' you think I'me the Dutch Virgin that could live

By

By th' ſent of Flowers? Or that my familie
Are all deſcended of Chameleons,
And can be kept with ayre? Is this the way
To get a husband to be in danger to be
Shut up for houſe-rent, or to weare a gowne
Out a whole faſhion, or the ſame Jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will commend my clothes,
For laſting well, give them ſtrange dates, and cry
Since your laſt Gorget and the blazing ſtarre.
Plotw. Prythee excuſe me ſiſter, I can now
Raine ſhowers of ſilver into thy lap againe;
My Uncle's gon to Sea, and has left me
The key to th' golden fleece. Thou ſhalt be ſtill.
A Madam, *Pen*, and to maintaine thy Honour,
And to new dub thee take this. But ſiſter, I *Gives her*
Expected you ere this out of the Throng *a Purſe*
Of ſuitors that frequent you, ſhould have been
Made a true Lady, not one in Type or ſhowe.
I feare you are too ſcornefull, looke too high.
Aur. Faith brother 'tis no age to be put off
VVith empty education; few will make Joyntures
To wit or good parts. I may die a Virgin,
VVhen ſome old widdow which at every cough
Reſignes ſome of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her Leg as duly as french Hood,
Scarce weares her owne Noſe, hath no eyes but ſuch
As ſhe firſt bought in *Broad-ſtreet*, and every morning
Is put together like ſome Inſtrument,
Having full Coffers ſhall be wooed, and thought
A youthfull Bride. *Plotw.* VVhy ſiſter will you like
A Match of my projection? you do know
How ruinous our fathers fortunes are;
Before he broke you know there was a Contract
Betweene you and young *Sea-thrift*. VVhat if I
Make it a wedding? *Aur.* Marry a foole? in hope

To

To be Ladie Majoreſſe? *Plotw.* VVhy ſiſter, I
Could name good Ladies that are faine to finde
VVit for themſelves and Knights too. *Aur.* I have heard
Of one whoſe husband was ſo meeke, to be
For need her Gentleman uſher, and while ſhe
Made viſits above ſtaires would patiently
Finde himſelfe buſineſſe at Tre-trip ith' Hall.
Plotw. He's only Citie bred, one month of your
Sharp converſation will refine him; beſides
How long wilt be ere your diſſembled ſtate
Meet ſuch another offer? *Aur.* VVell Brother you ſhall
Diſpoſe of my affections. *Plotw.* Then ſometime
This afternoone Ile bring him hither; doe you
Provide the Prieſt; your Dining roome will ſerve
As well as the Church. *Aur.* I will expect you.
Exeunt ſeverall waies.

SCENA. V.

Enter Captaine *Quartfield* beating *Roſe-clap. Sale-wit* and *Millicent* labouring to part 'em.

Quart. SIrrah, Ile beate you into aire. *Roſe.* Good Captain.
Quartf. I will by Hector. *Roſ.* Murder, murder, help.
Quartf. You needy, ſhifting, couſning, breaking ſlave.
Mill. Nay, Mr *Salewit*, help to part 'em. *Salew.* Captaine,
Quartf. Aske me for monie, dog? *Roſ.* Oh! I am kild.
Mil. Help. Help. *Salew.* Nay Captaine. *Q.* Men of my coat
Mill. Ile call in neighbours. Murder. Murder. *Q.* Raſcal (pay?
Ile make you truſt and offer me petitions
To goe oth'ſcore. *Roſ.* Good, tis very good.
Mil. How does thy head ſweetheart? *Roſ.* Away be quiet,
Salew. *Roſeclap*, you'l never leave this; I did tell you (*Mil.*
Laſt time the Captaine beat you what a Lion
He is being askt for reckonings. *Mill.* So you did

Indeed

Indeed good Mr *Salewit*; yet you muſt
Ever be fooliſh husband. *Salew.* VVhat if we
Doe owe you monie, Sir, iſt fit for you
To aske it? *Roſ.* VVell, Sir, there is law; I ſay
No more, but there is law. *Quartfield.* VVhat law you Curre?
The law of nature, Cuſtome, Armes, and Nations, (taine,
Frees men of warre from paiments. *Roſ.* Yes, your Armes Cap-
None elſe. *Q.* No ſouldiers ought to pay. *Salew.* Nor Poets:
All void of monie are privileged. *Mil.* VVhat would you have,
Captaines and Poets, Mr *Salewit* ſaies,
Muſt never pay. *Salew.* No, nor be askt for monie.
Roſ. Still I ſay there is law. *Quartf.* Say that againe,
And by *Bellona* I will cut thy throat.
Mill. You long to ſee your braines out. *Quartf.* VVhy you
You John of all Trades, have we been your gueſts (Mungrill,
Since you firſt kept a Taverne; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a buſh
Out to three pints of Claret, two of Sack
In all the world? *Salew.* After that, when you broke,
Did we here find you out, cuſtomd your Houſe,
And helpt away your victuals which had elſe
Laine mouldy on your hands? *Roſ.* You did indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not denie,
But you have been my Cuſtomers theſe two yeares,
My Jack went not, nor Chimnie ſmoakt without you
I will goe farther; your two mouthes have been
Two as good eating Mouthes as need to come
Within my doores, as curious to be pleaſed
As if you ſtill had eaten with readie monie:
Had ſtill the meats in ſeaſon; ſtill drunk more
Then your Ordinary came to. *Salew.* And your conſcience now
Would have this paid for? *Roſ.* Surely ſo I take it.
Salew. Was ever the like heard? *Qua.* Tis moſt unreaſonable
He has a hardened conſcience. Sirrah, Cheater,
You would be queſtioned for your reckonings, Rogue.

Roſ.

Ros. Doe you informe. *Quartf.* *I* heare one oth' Sheriffs
Paid for the boyling of a Carp a Mark.
Salew. Moſt unheard of exactions! *Ros.* Yet ſurely, Cap-
No man had cheaper reckonings then your ſelfe, (taine,
And Mr *Salewit* here. *Quartf.* How cheap? *Ros.* *I* ſay
No more good Captaine; not to pay is cheape,
A man would think. *Quart.* Sir, Dont you reckon Aire,
And make it deare to breath in you houſe, and put
The Noſe to charges? *Ros.* Right, perfumd Aire, Captaine.
Quartf. Is not the ſtanding of the ſalt an *Item*,
And placeing of the bread? *Ros.* A new way, Captaine.
Quartf. *Is* not the folding of your Napkins brought
Into the Bill? *Ros.* Pincht Napkins, Captaine, and laid
Like Fiſhes, Fowles, or Faces. *Salew.* Then remember
How you rate ſallets, *Roſeclap*; one may buy
Gardens as Cheap. *Ros.* Yes, Mr *Salewit*, ſallets
Taken from *Euclide* made in *Diagrams*,
And to be eaten in Figures. *Quartf.* And we muſt pay
For your inventions, Sir. *Ros.* Or you are damnd,
Good, Captaine, you have ſworne to pay this twelve-month.
Quartf. Peace you lowd, bawling Curre; do you diſgrace me
Before theſe Gallants, See if I don't kill you.

Scena. VI.

To them Bright. Newcut. Timothy. Plotwell.

Br. SAve you Captaine *Quartfield*, and my brave Wit,
My man of *Helicon*, ſalute this Gentleman,
He is a City wit. *New.* A Corporation
Went to the bringing of him forth. *Quartf.* I embrace him;
Salew. And ſo do I. *Tim.* You are a Poet, Sir,
And can make Verſes, *I* heare: *Salew.* Sir, *I* am
A ſervant to the Muſes. *Tim.* *I* have made
Some ſpeeches, Sir, in verſe, which have been ſpoke

By

By a green Robin *Goodfellow* from *Cheapside Conduit*,
To my Fathers Company; and meane this afternoone
To make an *Epithalamium* upon my wedding.
A Lady fell in love with me this morning,
Ask Mr. Francis here. *Plotw.* Heare you ſpoile all,
Did not I charge you to be ſilent? *Tim.* That's true,
I had forgot. You are a Captaine, Sir?
Quartf. I have ſeen ſervice, Sr. *Tim.* Captaine I love
Men of the ſword; and buffe, and if need were
I can roare too, and hope to ſweare in time,
Doe you ſee, Captaine. *Plot.* Nay Captaine we have brought
A Gentleman of valour who has been (you
In *Moore-fields* often, marrie it has been
To ſquire his ſiſters, and demoliſh Cuſtards
At *Pimlico*. *Quartf.* Afore me, Mr. *Plotwell*,
I never hop't to ſee you in ſilk againe.
Salew. I lookt the next Lord Maiors day to ſee you oth' Li-
Or one oth' Batchelour Whiflers. *Quartf.* What is (verie
Your Uncle dead? *Plotw.* He may in time, he's gone
To ſea this morning, Captaine, and I am come
Into your order againe. But hark you, Captaine,
What think you of a *Fiſh* now? *Qu.* Mad wags, mad wags.
Br. By Heaven its true, here we have brought one with us.
New. Rich *Scathrifts* ſon, he'll make a rare ſea Monſter.
Quart. And ſhalls be merrie yfaith? *Br. Salewit* ſhall make
A ſong upon him. *New.* And *Roſeclaps* boy ſhall ſing it.
Salew. We have the properties of the laſt fiſh. *Quartf.* And
At dinner doe not give him ſea enough, (If I
And afterwards if I, and *Salewit* doe not
Show him much better than he that ſhowes the Tombs,
Let me be turnd into a Sword-fiſh my ſelfe.
Plotw. A naturall change for a Captaine. How now *Roſeclap*,
Penſive and curſing the long Vacation?
Thou look'ſt as if thou meanſt to breake ſhortly. *Roſ.* Aske
The Captaine why I am ſad. *Quartf.* Faith Gentlemen,

I diſciplin'd him for his rudeneſſe. *Plotw.* Why theſe
Are Judgements, *Roſeclap*, for deare reckonings. *Tim.* Art thou
The halfe Crowne fellow of the houſe? *Roſ.* Sir, I
Doe keepe the Ordinary. *Tim.* Let's have wine enough
I meane to drink a health to a Lady. *Plotw.* Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
VVill goe and tell her who you are, and ſpoile
The Marriage. *Tim.* No, peace. Gentlemen if you'l
Goe in wee'l follow. *Roſ.* Pleaſe you enter, dinner
Shall ſtraight be ſet upon the board, *Br.* VVee'l expect you.
Come Gentlemen. *Tim.* But Mr Francis, was that
The buſineſſe why ſhe calld you back. *Plotw.* Believe it
Your Mothers ſmock ſhin'd at your birth, or elſe
You weare ſome Charme about you, *Tim.* Not I truly.
Plotw. It cannot be ſhe ſhould ſo ſtrangly dote
Upon you elſe: ſlight had you ſtayd, I think
She would have wooed you her ſelfe. *Tim.* Now I remember
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I ſhould match a Lady. *Plotw.* How things fall out?
Tim. And did ſhe ask you who I was? *Plotw.* I told her (yeares
You were a young Knight. *Tim.* Good. *Pl.* Scarce come to th'
Of your diſcretion yet. *Tim.* Good ſtill. *Pl.* And that a great
Did meane to beg you for his daughter. *Tim.* Moſt rare. (Man
This afternoone's the time? *Plotw.* Faith ſhe
Looks you ſhould uſe a little Courtſhip firſt,
That done, let me alone to have the Prieſt
In readineſſe. *Tim.* But were I not beſt aske
My friends conſent? *Pl.* How? Friends conſent? thats fit
For none but Farmers ſonnes, and Milk-maids. You ſhall not
Debaſe your judgment. She takes you for a wit.
And you ſhall match her like one. *Tim.* Then I will. (think
Plotw. But no more words to th' Gallants. *Tim.* Doe you
I am a ſive and cannot hold. *Roſ.* Gentlemen *Enter*
The company are ſate. *Tim.* It ſhall be yours. *Roſeclap.*
Plotw. Nay, Sir, your fortune claimes precedency. *Exeunt.*

SCE-

Scena VII.

Wareh. Sea-thrift. Cypher.

Ware-h. FEtcht abroad by two Gallants say you? *Cy.* Yes, Sir,
Assoone as you were gone; he only staid
To put on other clothes. *Seath.* You say my sonne
VVent with em too? *Cyph.* Yes, Sir. *War.* And whether went
Cyph. I followed 'em to Roseslaps Ordinary (they?
Ware-h. And there you left em? *Cyph.* Yes, Sir, Just before
I saw some Captaines enter. *Seath.* VVell, I give
My sonne for lost, undone, past hope. *Ware-h.* There is
No more but this wee'l thither straight: You, *Cypher*,
Have your instructions. *Cyph.* Sir, let me alone
To make the story dolefull. *Ware-h.* Goe, make you ready then.
Now, Mr *Seathrift*, you may see, what these *Exit.*
Young men would doe left to themselves. *Sea-th.* My sonne
Shall know he has a sister. *Ware-h.* And my Nephew
That once he had an Uncle. To leave land
Unto an unthrift is to build on sand.

Actus III. Scena: I.

Bright. Newcut. Plotwell. Rosclap. hanging out the picture of a strange fish.

Br. FOre Jove the Captaine foxt him rarely. *Ros.* O Sir
He is used to it; this is the fift fish now
That he hath shewn thus. One got him twentie pound.
New. How *Rosclap*? *Ros.* Why the Captaine kept him, Sir,
A whole weeke drunk, and shewd him twice a day.
New. It could not be like this. *Ros.* Faith I doe grant
This

This is the ſtrangeſt fiſh. Yon I have hung
His other picture into th'fields, where ſome
Say tis an oregrown Porcupiſe; others ſay
Tis the fiſh caught in Cheſhire; one to whom
The reſt agree, ſaid 'twas a Mermaid. *Plotw.* S'light,
Roſclap, ſhal's have a patent of him. The *Birds*
Brought from *Peru*, the hairy *Wench*, the *Camel*,
The *Elephant*, *Dromedarie*, or *Winſor Caſtle*,
The *Woman* with dead fleſh, or *She* that waſhes,
Threds needles, writes, dreſſes her children, plaies
Oth' Virginalls with her feet, could never draw
People like this. *New.* O that his Father were
At home to ſee him. *Plotw.* Or his Mother come,
Who followes ſtrange ſights out of Towne, and went
To *Branford* to a Motion. *Br.* Bid the Captaine haſten,
Or hee I recover and ſpoile all. *Roſ.* Th'are here.

Scena. II.

Enter Quartfield and Salewit dreſt like two Trumpeters, keeping the doore: Mrs Seathrift and Mrs Holland with a Prentice before em as commers in.

Quart. BEar back there. *Sale.* Pray you do not preſſe ſo hard.
Quart. Make roome for the two Gentlewomen,
(Mrs *Seath.* What is't?
Sal. Twelvepence a peece. Ms *Holl.* We will not give't. *Q.* Make
For thē that will then. *Plotw.* O fortūe here's his Mother (roome
Br. And who's the other? *Plotw* One Ms *Holland*, the
Great ſeamſtreſſe on th' Exchange. Ms *Holl.* We gave but a groat
To ſee the laſt fiſh. *Quart.* Gentlewoman, that
Was but an Iriſh Sturgeon. *Salew.* This came from
The Indies, and eats five Crownes a day in frie (lings,
Oxe livers, and browne paſt. Ms *Seath.* Well there's three ſhil-
Pray let us have good places now. *Quartf.* Beare back there.
Ms *Holl.*

Ms *Holl.* Look Ms *Seathrift* here be Gentlemen.
Sure tis a rare Fiſh. Ms *Seath.* I know one of 'em,
Ms *Holl.* And ſo doe I, his ſiſter was my prentice.
Ms *Seath.* Lets take acquaintance with him. *Plotw.* Ms *Seathrift.*
Hath the ſight drawne you hither? Ms *Seath.* Yes Sir I
And Ms *Holland* here, my Goſſip, paſt
This way and ſo cald in. Pray, Mr *Plotwell,*
Is not my ſon here? I was told he went
With you this morning. *Plotw.* You ſhall ſee him ſtraight.
Ms *Holl.* When will the Fiſh begin, Sir? *Br.* Heart ſhe makes (him
A puppet play. *Plotw.* Why now they only ſtay
For companie, 't has ſounded twice. Ms *Seath.* Indeed
I long to ſee this fiſh; I wonder whether
They will cut up his bellie, they ſay a Tench
Will make him whole againe. Ms *Holl.* Look Ms *Seathrift,*
What clawes he has. Ms *Seath.* For all the world like Crabs.
Ms *Holl.* Nay marke his feet too. Ms *Seath.* For all the world like
Br. Was ever better ſport heard? *New.* Prithee peace. (Plaice.
Ms *Holl.* Pray can you read that? Sir, *I* warrant you,
That tells where it was caught, and what fiſh tis.

Plotw. *Within this place is to be ſeene,*
A wondrous Fiſh. God ſave the Queen.

Ms *Holl.* Amen, ſhe is my cuſtomer, And *I*
Have ſold her bonelace often. *Br.* Why the Queene?
Tis writ the King. *Plotw.* That was to make the rime.
Br. Slid thou didſt read it as 'twere ſome picture of
An *Elzabeth* fiſh. *Quartf.* Beare back there. *Salew.* Make room,
Friend you that were going to cut a purſe there make
Way for the two old Gentlemen to paſſe.
Ware. What muſt we give? *Quartf.* We take a ſhilling Sir. *Enter Ware-houſe and Seathrift diſguis'd.*
Salew. It is no leſſe. *Seath.* Pray God your fiſh be worth it.

VVhat

What is't a whale you take ſo deare? *Quart.* It is
A fiſh taken in the Indies. *Ware-h.* Pray diſpatch then,
And ſhow't,us quickly. *Salew.* Pray forbeare,you'd have
Your head broke Cobler. *Ware-h.* Yonder is my Nephew
In his old Gallantry. *Seath.* Who's there too? my wife?
And Ms *Holland?* Nay *I* lookt for them.
But where's my wife ſonne? *Wareſh.* Maſſe *I* ſee not him.
Quartf. Keep out Sir. *Salew.* VVaterman you muſt not enter.
Cypher preſſes in like a waterman.
Quartf. This is no place for ſcullers. *Cyph.* *I* muſt needs
Speak with one Mr *Plotwell.* *Quart.* You muſt ſtay.
Salew. Thruſt him out. *Cyph.* And one Mr *Seathrift*
They thruſt him out.
On urgent buſineſſe. *Salew.* They are yet imployd
In waighcier affaires,make faſt the doore.
Quartf. There ſhall no more come in:come in boy. *Seat.* Dont
They ſpeak as if my ſonne were in the roome?
Ware-h. Yes,pray obſerve and marke em. *Quartf.* Gentlemen,
And Gentlewomen, you now ſhall ſee a ſight,
Europe nere ſhow'd the like; behold this fiſh.
Drawes a Curtaine bebind it, Timothy a ſleep like a ſtrange fiſh.
Ms *Holl.* O ſtrange,looke how it ſleeps. *Br.* Juſt like a Salmon
Upon a ſtall in fiſhſtreet. Ms *Seath.* How it ſnorts too,
Juſt like my husband. *VVareſh.* Tis very like a man.
Seath. T'has ſuch a noſe and eyes. *Salew.* VVhy tis a Man fiſh;
An Ocean Centaure, begot between a Syren
And a he ſtock fiſh. *Seath.* Pray where tooke ye him?
Quartf. We tooke him ſtrangly in the Indies, neere
The mouth of R*io de la plata*,a ſleep
Upon the ſhore juſt as you ſee him now. (to land?
Ms *Holl.* How ſay y', a ſleepe. *VVareſh.* How? would he come
Seath. Tis ſtrange a fiſh ſhould leave his Element.
Quartf. Aske him what things the Country told us. *Sal.* You
VVill ſcarce believe it now. This fiſh would walke you

Two or three miles oth' ſhore ſometimes; break houſes,
Raviſh a naked wench or two, (for there
VVomen goe naked) then runne to Sea againe.
Quartf. The Country has bin laid, and warrants granted
To apprehend him. *VVare-h.* I doe ſuſpect theſe fellowes,
They lye as if they had patent for't. *Seath.* The company,
Should every one believe his part, would ſcarce
Have faith enough among us. *VVare-h.* Marke againe.
Salew. The States of Holland would have bought him of us
Out of a great deſigne. *Seath.* Indeed *Salew.* They offer'd
A thouſand dollars. *Quart.* You cannot enter yet. *Some knock.*
VVare. Indeed? ſo much? pray what to doe? *Salew.* VVhy Sr.
They were in hope in time to make this fiſh
Of faction 'gainſt the *Spaniard*, and doe ſervice
Unto the ſtate. *Seath.* As how? *Salew.* VVhy, Sr, next plate-fleet
To dive, bore holes i'th bottome of their ſhips,
And ſink em; you muſt think a fiſh like this.
May be taught MACHIAVEL, and made a ſtate-fiſh;
Plotw. As dogs are taught to fetch. *New.* Or Elephants
To dance on ropes. *Br.* And pray what Honour would
The States have given him for the ſervice? *Quartf.* That,
Sir, is uncertaine. *Salew.* Ha made him ſome ſea Count;
Or't may be Admirall. *Plotw.* Then, ſir, in time,
Dutch Authors that writ *Mare Liberum*,
Might dedicate their books to him? *Salew.* Yes, being
A fiſh advanc't, and of great place. Sing boy.
You now ſhall heare a ſong upon him. *Br.* Liſten
New. Doe they not act it rarely? *Plotw.* If 'twere their trade
They could not doe it better. *Seath.* Heare you that ſir?
VVare-h. ſtill I ſuſpect. Ms *Hol.* I warrant you this fiſh
VVill ſhortly be in a Ballad. *Salew.* Begin boy

Song.

We ſhow no monſtrous Crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nil:
No Remora that ſtops Your fleet,
Like ſergeants Gallants in the ſtreet.
No ſea-horſe, which can trot or pace,
Or ſwimme falſe gallop, poſt, or race.
For crooked Dolphins We not care,
Though on their back a fidler were.
The like to this fiſh which We ſhew,
Was neer in Fiſhſtreet Old, or New.
Nor ever ſerv'd to' th' ſheriffs board,
Or kept in ſonſe for the Major Lord.
Had old Aſtronomers but ſeene
This fiſh, none elſe in Heaven had been.

Mſ *Holl.* The ſong has wakned him, look, he ſtirres. *Tim.* Oh, Captaine--pox--take--you--Captaine. Mſ *Sea.* Hark he ſpeaks. *Tim.* Oh-my-ſtomack.—*Wa.* How's this? *Se.* Ile pawn my life This is impoſture. *Tim.* Oh—Oh—*Plot.* Heart, the Captaine Did not give him his full load. *Ware-h.* Can your fiſh Speak, friends? the proverb ſaies th' are mute. *Qu.* Ile tell you You will admire how docile he is, and how Hee'l imitate a man: tell him your name He will repeat it after you, he has heard me Calld Captaine, and my fellows curſe ſometimes, And now you heard him ſay pox take you Captaine.

Salew. And yeſterday I but complaind my ſtomack Was overchargd, and how he minds it? *New.* ſtrange?

Br. I, is it not? *Plotw.* The towardneſſe of a fiſh:

Salew. Would you think when we caught him he ſhould ſpeak 'Drake, Drake. *Br.* And did he? *Qu.* Yes and Hawkins; A ſigne he was a fiſh that ſwum there, when Theſe two compaſt the world. *New.* How ſhould he learne

Their

Their names I wonder. *Salew.* From the sailers. *New* That
Qu. He'l call for drink like me, or any thing (may be.
He lacks. *Tim.* O God my head.—*Qu.* D'you heare him? *T.* Oh,
Hostesse—a—bason. *Plotw.* slid he'l spew. *Br.* No matter.
Quart. Nay I have seene him foxt, and then maintaine
A drunken Dialogue. *Ms Holl.* Lord how *I* long
To heare a litle. Pray trie him with some questions,
Will you, my friend? *Quartf.* Sometimes he will be sullen,
And made no answers. *Salew.* That is when he's angred,
Or kept from drink long. *Quart.* But Ile try him: Ms *Sea.*
To see what Creatures may be brought to. *Quart. Tim,*
You are drunk. *Tim.* Plague take you Captaine—Oh— Lord
You—made me—*Sea.* S' death my sonnes name. *Tim.* D' you
Sal. He'l answer to no name but that. Q. And *Tim,* (call him)
What thinke you of a wench now? *Tim.* Oh me sick
Where is she, Oh. *Seath.* *Ile* lay my life this fish
Is some confederate Rogue: *Quartf.* I drinke t' you, *Timothy,*
In sack. *Tim.* Oh! Oh. *Quartf.* A health, *Tim. Tim.* I can drink
No more, Oh. *Salew.* What not pledge your Mistresse? *Tim.* Oh,
Let me alone. *Salew. He* is not in the mood now
Sometimes you'd wonder at him. *Quartf. He* is tired
With talking *all this* day. That and heat
Of company *about him,* dull him. *Ware-h.* Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle
To heare Fish speak thus. *Quartf.* So, Sirs, 't has been
Two thousands more. *Salew.* Come now next Michaelmas,
Tis five yeare we have shown him in most Courts
In Christendome, and you will not believe,
How with meere travelling and observation,
He has improv'd himselfe, and brought away
The language of the Country. *Seath.* May not I
Aske him some questions? *Quartf.* Sir, you may, but he
Will answer none but one of us, Ms *Sea. He's* used, *Knocking*
And knowes their voices. *Salew.* He is so Ms. Now *at doors.*
We'l open doore. *Ware-h.* Well my beliefe doth tell me

There is a miſt before our eyes. *Seath.* I mar'le
My wife ſonne miſt this ſhow. *Quart.* Good people, we
Doe ſhow no more to day; if you deſire *They draw the Cur-*
To ſee, come to us in *Kings-ſtreet* to morrow. *taine before him.*
Ms *Holl.* Come Goſſip let us goe, the Fiſh is done.
Ms *Seath.* By your leave Gentlemen. Truly tis a dainty fiſh.
Exit Ms *Seath.* Ms *Holland, and Prentice.*

SCENA III.

Enter to them Cypher like a Water-man.

Cyph. PRay which is Mr *Plotwell?* *Plotw.* I me he, friend;
What is your buſineſſe? *Cyph.* Sir, I ſhould ſpeake
Young Mr *Seathrift* too. *Plotw.* Sir, at this time. (with
Although no Crab like you, to ſwim backward, he is
Of your element. *Cyph.* Upon the water? *Plotw.* No
But ſomething that lives int. If you but ſtay
Till he have ſlept himſelfe a land Creature, you may
Chance ſee him come a ſhore here. *Tim.* Oh-my head--
Oh-Captaine-Mr *Francis*--Captaine-, Oh--
Plotw. That is his voice Sir. *Seath.* Death, O my ſoule, my ſon?
Cyph. He is in drink, Sir, is he? *Plotw.* Surely friend
You are a witch, he is ſo. *Cyph.* Then I muſt tell
The newes to you, tis ſad. *Plotw.* Ile hear't as ſadly.
Cyph. Your, Uncle, Sir and Mr *Seathrift* are
Both drownd ſome 8 mile below *Greenwich.* *Pl.* Drownd?
Cyph. They went ith' Tilt boat, Sir, and *I* was one
Oth' oares that rowed 'em, a Cole-ſhip did ore run us,
I ſcapt by ſwimming, the two old Gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and ſunk together.
Br. How ſome mens prayers are heard? we did invoke
The ſea this morning, and ſee, the *Thames* has took 'em
Plotw. It cannot be, ſuch good newes, Gentlemen,
Cannot be true. *Wareh.* Tis very certaine, Sir,

Twas

Twas talke upon th' *Exchange*. *Seath*. We heard it too
In *Pauls* now as we came. *Plotw*. There friend, there is
A fayre for you; *I'me* glad you ſcapt; I had *Gives him mony.*
Not knowne the newes ſo ſoone elſe. *Cyph*. Sir excuſe me,
Plot. Sir, it is conſcience; *I* doe believe you might
Sue me in *Chancery*. *Cyph*. Sir, you ſhow
The vertues of an Heyre. *Ware*. Are you rich *Ware-houſe*
Heire, Sir? *Plotw*. Yes, Sir, his tranſitory pelfe,
And ſome twelve hundred pound a yeare in earth,
Is caſt on me. Captaine, the houre is come,
You ſhall no more drink *Ale*, of which one draught
Makes Cowards, and ſpoiles valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glaſſe. I intend to have
A Muſket for you, or glaſſe Canon, with
A moſt capacious barrell, which we'l charge,
And diſcharge with the rich valiant grape of
My Uncles ſellar, every charge ſhall fire
The glaſſe, and burne it ſelfe ith' fill'ng, and look
Like a peece going off. *Quartf*. I ſhall be glad
To give thanks for you, Sir in pottle draughts,
And ſhall love Scotch cole for this wrack the better;
As long as I know fuell. *Plotw*. Then my Poet,
No longer ſhall write Catches, or thinne Sonnets,
Nor preach in verſe, as if he were ſubborn'd
By him that wrote the whip, to pen leane Acts,
And ſo to overthrow the ſtage for want
Of ſalt or wit. Nor ſhall he need torment
Or perſecute his Muſe; but I will be
His God of wine t' inſpire him. *He* ſhall no more
Converſe with the five yard butler, who like Thunder
Can turne beere with his voice, and roare it ſower?
But ſhall come forth a *Sophocles*, and write
Things for the Buskin. Inſteed of *Pegaſus*,
To ſtrike a ſpring with's hoofe, we'l have a ſteel
Which ſhall but touch a *But*, and ſtraight ſhall flow

A purer, higher, wealthier *Helicon.*
Salew. Frank, Thou ſhalt be my *Phœbus.* My next Poem
Shall be thy Uncles Tragœdie, or the life
And death of two *Rich Merchants. Plotw.* Gentlemen,
And now yfaith what think you of the fiſh? (think
Ware-h. Why as we ought, Sir, ſtrangely. *Br.* But d' you
It is a very fiſh? *Seath.* Yes. *New.* Tis a man.
Plotw. This valiant Captaine and this man of wit
Firſt foxt him, then transform'd him. We will wake him
And tell him the newes. Ho Mr *Timothy*! (work ſtill?
Tim. Plague take you Captaine. *Plotw.* What does your ſack
Tim. Where am I? *Plotw.* Come y' have ſlept enough. *Br.* Mr
How in the name of freſh Cod came you changed (*Timothy*!
Into a ſea Calfe thus? *New.* Slight, Sir, here be
Two Fiſhmongers to buy you; beat the price
Now y'are awake, your ſelfe. *Tim.* How's this? my hands
Tranſmuted into Clawes? my feet made flownders?
Arrayd in Finnes, and ſcales? arn't you
Aſhamd to make me ſuch a Monſter? pray
Help to undreſſe me. *Plotw.* We have rare newes for you.
Tim. No letter from the Lady? hope? *Plotw.* Your Father
And my grave Uncle, Sir, are caſt away.
Tim. How? *Plotw.* They by this have made a meale
For Jacks and Salmon. They are drownd. *Br.* Fall downe
And worſhip ſea-coales, for a ſhip of them
Has made you, Sir, an Heire. *Plotw.* This fellow here
Brings the auſpicious newes: And theſe two friends
Of ours confirme it. *Cyph.* Tis too true, Sir. *Tim.* Well,
We are all mortall; but in what wet caſe
Had I been now, if I had gone with him.
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into ſome Pike, you might ha cheapned me.
In *Fiſh-ſtreet*; I had made an Ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid: Now could I cry
Like any Image in a fountaine which *He faines*
Runs

Runs Lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
Seath. Fie Sir, good truth it is not manly in you. *He feignes*
To weep for ſuch a ſlight loſſe as a father. *to Weepe.*
Tim. I doe not cry for that. *Seath.* No? *Tim.* no; but to think
My mother is not drownd too. *Seath.* I aſſure you,
And that, a ſhrewd miſchance. *Tim.* For then might I
Ha gone to th' Counting houſe and ſet at liberty
Thoſe harmeleſſe Angels, which for many yeares
Have been condemnd to darkneſſe. *Plotw.* You'd not doe
Like your penurious Father, who was wont
To walke his dinner out in *Pauls*, whiles you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in ſeiges,
Your meales weighed to you. *New.* Indeed they ſay he was
A Monument of *Pauls*. *Tim.* Yes, he was there
As conſtant as *Duke Humphrey*. I can ſhow
The prints where he ſate, holes ith' loggs. *Plotw.* He wore
More pavement out with walking then would make
A row of new ſtone-Saints, and yet refuſed
To give to th' reparation. *Br.* Iv'e heard
Heed make his Jack goe emptie to couſen neighbours.
Plotw. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warme
A Maſtick patch t' apply to his wives Temples.
In great extremity of toothach. This is
True, Mr *Timothy*, iſt not? *Tim.* Yes. Then Linnen,
To us was ſtranger then to *Capuchins*.
My fleſh is of an Order with wearing ſhirts
Made of the ſacks that brought ore *Cutchyneele*,
Copprice, and *Indico*. My ſiſter weares
Smocks made of Currant-bags. *Seath.* Ile not endure it.
Lets ſhow our ſelves. *Ware-h.* Stay, heare all firſt. *New.* Thy (Uncle
Was ſuch another. *Plotw.* I have heard
He ſtill laſt left th' *Exchange*; and would commend
The wholſomeneſſe oth' aire in *Moore-fields*, when
The clock ſtruck three ſometimes. *Plotw.* Surely my ſelfe,
Cypher his factor, and an ancient Cat,

Did keepe ſtrict diet, had our Spaniſh fare,
Foure Olives among three, My Uncle would
Look fat with faſting; I ha knowne him ſurfet
Upon a bunch of Rayſins, ſwoone at ſight
Of a whole joynt, and riſe an Epicure *They undiſguiſe.*
From halfe an Orange. *Ware-h.* Gentemen tis falſe.
Caſt off your Clowd. D' you know me, Sir? *Plotw.* My Uncle!
Sea. And doe you know me, Sir? *Tim.* My Father! *War.* Nay,
VVe'l open all the plot, reveale your ſelfe.
Plotw. Cypher the waterman! *Qu. Salewit* away; *Exit Qu.*
I feele a tempeſt comming. *Ware.* Are you ſtruck *Salewit.*
VVith a *Torpedo*, Nephew? *Seath.* Ha you ſeen too
A *Gorgons* head that you ſtand ſpeechleſſe? or
Are you a fiſh in earneſt? *Br.* It begins to thunder.
New. VVe will make bold to take our leaves. *Ware.* What is
Your Captaine fled? *Seath.* Nay Gentlemen, forſake
Your Compnay? *Br.* Sir, we have buſineſſe. *Sea.* Troth
It is not kindly done. *War.* Now, Mr *Seathrift*, *Ex. Br. New.*
You ſee what Mourners we had had, had we
Been wrackt in earneſt. My grievd Nephew here
Had made my ſellar flow with teares, my wines
Had chargd glaſſe Ord'nance, our funeralls had been
Bewaild in pottle draughts. *Seath.* And at our graves
Your Nephew and my Sonne had made a *Panegyrick*,
And opend all our vertues. *Wa.* Ungrateful Monſter.
Sea. Unnaturall villaine. *Wareh.* Thou Enimy to my blood.
Sea. Thou worſe then Patricide. *War.* Next my ſinnes I doe
Repent I am thy Uncle. *Sea.* And I thy Father.
Ware-h Death O my ſoule, did I when firſt thy Father
Broke in eſtate, and then broke from the Counter
VVhere Mr *Seathrift* laid him in the hole,
For debt among the ruines of the City,
And Trades like him blowne up, take thee from duſt,
Give thee free education, put thee in

My

My owne faire way of traffique; nay decree
To leave thee Jewels, Land, my whole eſtate,
Pardond thy former wildneſſe, and couldſt thou ſort
*T*hy ſelfe with none but idle Gallants, Captaines,
And Poets, who muſt plot before they eat,
And make each meale a ſtratagem? Then could none
But *I* be ſubject of thy impious ſcoffes?
I ſwoone at ſight of meat; I riſe a Glutton
From halfe an Orange; VVretch, forgetfull wretch;
Fore Heaven I count it treaſon in my bloud.
*T*hat gives thee a relation. But I'le take
A full revenge. Make thee my Heyre? I'le firſt
Adopt a ſlave, brought from ſome Gally; One
Which Lawes doe put into the Inventory,
And men bequeath in Wills with ſtooles, and braſſe pots.
One who ſhall firſt be houſhold ſtuffe, then my Heyre.
Or to defeat all thy large aimes *I*'le marry;
Cypher, goe finde me *Baneſwright*; he ſhall ſtraight
Provide me a wife. *I* will not ſtay to let
My reſolution coole. Be ſhe a wench
*T*hat every day puts on her Dowry, weares
Her fortunes, has no portion, ſo ſhe be
Young and likely to be fruitfull, I'le have her;
By all thats good *I* will; this afternoone;
I will about it ſtraight. *Se.* I follow you. *Ex Ware.*
And as for you *Tim Mermaid*, *Triton*, *Haddock*, *Cyph.*
The wondrous *Indian Fiſh* caught neere *Peru*,
VVho can be of both Elements, your ſight
VVill keep you well. *Here I* doe caſt thee off,
And in thy roome pronounce to make thy ſiſter
My heyre; it would be moſt unnaturall;
To leave a *Fiſh* on Land. Laſſe, Sir, one of your
Bright finnes and gills muſt ſwim in ſeas of ſack,
*S*pout rich Canaries up like VVhales in Maps,
I know you'l not endure to ſee my Jack

Goe

Goe empty, nor weare shirts of Copprice bagg;
Nor fast in *Pauls*, you. I doe hate thee now,
Worse then a Tempest, Quick-sand, Pyrate, Rock,
Or fatall Leake, I, or a Privy seale.
Goe let the Captaine make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some Ape, (tis stale
To be a *Fish* twice) or some active *Baboone*.
And when you can find mony out, betray
What wench ith' Roome has lost her maiden-head;
Can mount to'th King, and can doe all your feats,
If your fine chaine, and yellow coat come neere
Th' *Exchange*, Ile see you, so I leave you. *Plotw.* Now *Ex. Sea.*
Were there a dextrous beame and two-pence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himselfe.
Tim. I have brought my selfe to a fine passe too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap Carps, or beget
A goodly race of Pickrel.

SCENA IV.

To them Quartfield. Salewit. Roseclap, and Baneswright.

Quartf. HOw now mad Lads, what? is the storm broke up?
Salew. What sad, like broke Gamsters? Mr *Timothy*
'Slight who would think your Father should lay weeles
To catch you thus? *Tim.* If ever I be drunk
With Captaines more---. *Plotw.* Where's *Bright* and *Newcut*?
Were sent for to the *Temple*, but left word *Salew.* They
They would be here at supper. *Plotw.* They are sure friends,
To leave us in distresse: *Quartf.* VVhat a mad plot
These two old Merchants had contriv'd, to faine
A voyage, then to hunt you out disguised,

And

And beare themselves abused? *Salew.* We heard all.
Quartf. If I had staid they had paid me for a Captaine.
Salew. They had a fling at me. But doe you think
Your Uncle in this furious mood will marry?
Plotw. He deeply swore it; if he doe, the sleight
Upon the cards, the hollow dye, *Park corner.*
And *Shooters hill* are my revenue. *Tim.* Yes,
And as for me, my destiny will be
To fight by th' day, carry my Kitchen, and
Collation at my back, weare orderly
My shirt in course, after 't has been the shift
Of a whole Regiment in the *Low-Countries.*
And after all returne with halfe a leg,
One arme perchance, my nose shot off, to move
Compassion in my father, who in pitty
To so much ruine may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an Hospitall, to keep me
From Bridges, Hil-tops, and from selling switches. *Ent.* Rose[tt].
Ros. Yonders your Uncle at the field dore talking
With *Banswright*, as hot, and earnest for a wench,
As a recoverd *Monsieur*. *Quart.* What is this *Banswright*?
Salew. A fellow much imploid about the Towne,
That contrives Matches. One that brings together
Parties that never saw, or ever met,
Till 't be for good and all. Knowes to a penny
Estates and Joyntures; I'le undertake he has
Now lying by him unprovided some twenty
Widdowes of all fortunes that want husbands,
And men that want wives, and at an houres warning
Can make things ready for the Priest. *Quartf.* Let us
Devise to get him hither and crosse the Match.
Plotw. I have great interest in him, the fellow loves me;
Could I speak with him and draw him to be
An Actor in't, *I* have a stratagem.
That can redeeme all, and turne the plot. *Enter Banswright.*

Upon

Upon theſe ſage heads. *Salew.* By *Minerva*, look;
Heres *Baneſwright*. *Plot.* Mr *Baneſwright*! *Ban.* Save you Gal-
Plotw. You are imploid I heare to find a wife out (lants.
For my young ſprightly Uncle. *Baneſ.* Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that purpoſe. I Juſt now
Came from him. *Plotw.* And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed? *Baneſw.* I have a Leiger wench
In readineſſe, he's gone to put himſelfe
Into fit ornaments, for the ſolemnity.
I'me to provide the Prieſt and Licence, we go
Some two houres hence to Church. *Qu.* Death you Pander,
Forbid the banes, or I will cut your wizzell;
And ſpoile your ſquiring in the dark; I've heard
Of your lewd function, Sirrah; you preferre
VVenches to Bawdy-houſes, Raſcall. *Baneſw.* Good, Sir.
Threaten me not in my vocation.
Plotw. VVhy *Baneſwright* you can be but paid, ſay I
Procure the wench, a friend of mines and double
Your bargain, ſuch a faire reward me thinks
Should make thee of my Project. Thou doſt know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou mayſt be
The happy inſtrument to recover 'em.
Be my good Angel once, I have a plot
Shall make thee famous. *Quartf.* By *Mars* deny, and I
VVill act a Tragedy upon thee. *Baneſ.* Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit, but more to you Sir,
Of whoſe misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your Uncle have imploid me, and
Have deeply ſworne to wed this afternoone,
A wife of my providing, if you can
O'rereach the angry Burgeſſe, Sir, and bring
His wiſdome to the Ginne, ſhow me the way
I'le help to lay the trap. *Quartf.* Now thou art
An honeſt hearted pimp, thou ſhalt for this
Be drunk in *Vine Dee*, Raſcall; I'le begin

A Runlet to thee. *Plotw.* Gentlemen lets in,
I'le tell you my deſigne; you, *Salewit*, muſt
Transforme your ſelfe to a *French Deacon*. I
have parts for *Bright* and *Newcut* too. Miſchiefe
Upon their abſence. *Salew.* Wee'l ſend for 'em *Plot.* And
For Mr *Timothy* I have a project.
Shall make his father everlaſtingly
Admire his wit, and aske him bleſſing. *Quart.* Come,
Lets in and drink a health to our ſucceſſe.
Tim. I'me for no healths unleſſe the glaſſe be leſſe.
Exeunt.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Seathrift. Ms Seathrift. Ms Holland. Ms Scruple.

I Did commit her to your charge that you
Might breed her, Ms *Scruple*, and doe require
Her at your hand: Here be fine tricks, indeed;
My daughter *Suſan* to be ſtolne a week,
And you conceale it; you were of the plot,
I doe ſuſpect you. Ms *Scru.* Sir, will you but heare
Me meekly? *Seath.* No, I'le never truſt againe
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a Comment on the Catechiſme.
All your devotion's falſe; iſt poſſible
She could be gone without your knowledge? Ms *Scru.* Will you
Attend me, Ms *Seathrift*? If my husband
To weane her from love courſes, did not take
More paines with her then with his Tueſday Lectures,
And if *I* did not every day expound
Some good things to her gainſt the ſinne oth' fleſh,
For feare of ſuch temptations, to which fraile girles
Are very ſubject, let me never more
Be thought fit to inſtruct young Gentlewomen, Or

Or deale in Tent-ſtitch. Who ere twas that ſeduced her,
She took my daughter *Emlins* gown and ruffe,
And left her own cloathes: and my Schollers ſay
She often would write Letters. *Seath.* Why tis right
Some ſilenc't Miniſter has got her that I
Should breed my daughter in a Conventicle!
Ms Seath. Pray husband be appeas'd. *Seat.* You are a fool.
Ms. Seath. You heare her Ms. could not help it. *Seath.* Nor
Your ſon help being a fiſh. *Ms. Holl.* Why, Sir, was he
The firſt that was abus'd by Captaines? *Seath.* Goe
You talke like prating Goſſips. *Ms Holl.* Goſſips? ſlight
What Goſſips, Sir? *Ms Seath.* What Goſſips are we? ſpeak.
Seath. I'le tell you ſince you'd know: my wife and you,
Shrill *Ms Holland*, have two tongues, that when
Th'are in conjunction, are buſier, and make
More noiſe than country faires; and utter more tales
Than blind-folkes, Midwives, Nurſes. Then no ſhow
Though 't be a Jugler ſcapes you. You did follow
The *Elephant* ſo long, and King of *Sweden*,
That people at laſt came in to ſee you. Then
My Son could not be made a *Fiſh*, but who
Should I finde there much taken with the ſight
But you two? I may now build Hoſpitals,
Or give my mony to *Plantations*. *Exit Seath.*
Ms Seath. Lets follow him, come *Ms Scruple*. *Ms Holl.* Juſt
As your *Sue* left her Schoole-miſtreſſe, my *Pen*
Left me. *Ms Scru.* They'l come againe I warrant you.
Exeunt.

Scen. II.

Plotwell. Aurelia.

Plotw. SIſter tis ſo projected, therefore make
No more demurres, the life of both our fortunes
Lies in your carriage of things well; think therefore

Whither

Whither you will reſtore me, and advance
Your own affaires, or elſe within this week
Fly this your lodging, like unconſtomd ſinners,
And have your Coach-horſes transformd to Rent,
Have your apparell ſold for properties,
And you returne to Cut-work. By this hand
If you refuſe all this muſt happen. *Aur.* Well, Sir,
Neceſſity which hath no Law, for once
Shall make me oth' conſpiracy, and ſince
VVe are left wholly to our wits, Let's ſhow
The power and vertue of'em; if your *Baneſwright*
Can but perſwade my Uncle, I will fit
Him with a Bride. *Plotw.* The Scene is laid already;
I have transformd an Engliſh Poet into
A fine French Teacher, who ſhall joyne your hands
VVith a moſt learned legend out of *Rablais*.
Aur. But for my true groom who you ſay comes hither
For a diſguiſed Knight, I ſhall think I wed
His Fathers Counting-houſe, and go to bed
To ſo much Bullion of a man, Faith I've
No mind to him, brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawfull marriage. *Plot.* Y'are deceivd,
I'le undertake by one weeks Tutoring,
And carrying him to Plaies and Ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrell or two, and making
Some Captaine beat him, to render him a moſt
Accompliſht Gallant. Or ſay he be borne, ſiſter,
Under the City planet, pray what wiſe Lady
Deſires to match a wiſe Knight? you'd marry ſome
Philoſopher now, that ſhould every night
Lye with you out of *Ariſtotle*, and looſe
Your maiden-head by Demonſtration.
Or ſome great ſtateſman, before whom you muſt ſit
As ſilent and reſervd as if your looks
Had plots on forreine Princes, and muſt viſit

And

And dreſſe your ſelfe by *Tacitus*, What he wants
In Naturals, his fortunes will make up
In Honours, *Pen*; when hee's once made a Lord,
Who'l be ſo ſawcy as to think he can
Be impotent in wiſdom? She that marries
A foole, is an *Hermaphordite*, the Man
And wife too, ſiſter. Beſides tis now too late,
He'l be here preſently, and comes prepar'd
For *Hymen*. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tyremens hands, beſides
Two Barbers. *Aur.* Well, Sir I muſt then accept him
With all his imperfections, I have
Procur'd a Sir *Iohn* yonder. *Plotw.* VVho iſt? *Aur.* One
That preaches the next pariſh once a week *Enter a*
A ſleep for thirty pounds a yeare *Foot.* Here is *Footman*
A Knight deſires your Ladiſhip will give
Him audience. *Aur.* Tis no Knight Embaſſadour?
Foot. He rather lookes like a Knight oth' Sun. *Pl.* Tis He.
Aur. Let him come in *Plot.* If you be coy now, *Pen*, *Ex. Foot.*
You ſpoile all. *Aur.* VVell, Sir I'le be affable.

SCENA III.

To them Timothy fantaſtically dreſt, and a Footman.

Plotw. HEre he comes. *Tim.* Sirrah, wait me in the Hall,
And let your feet ſtink there; your ayre's not fit,
To be endured by Ladies. *Plotw.* VVhat quarrell with
Your Footman, Sir? *Tim.* Hang him, he caſts a ſent
That drownes my perfumes, and is ſtrong enough
To cure the Mother or Palſie. Doe I act
A Knight well? *Plotw.* This imperioſneſſe becomes you
Like a Knight newly dubd, Sir. *Tim.* VVhat ſaies the Lady?
Plotw. Speak lower, I've prepar'd her, ſhow your ſelfe

A Courtier now ſhe's yours. *Tim.* If that be all.
I'le Court her, as if ſome Courtier had begot me
Th' Gallery at a Maſque. *Plotw.* Madam, this Gentleman
Deſires to kiſſe your hands. *Tim.* And lips too Lady.
Aur. Sir, you much honour both. *Tim.* I, I know that,
Elſe Ide not kiſſe you. Yeſterday I was
In company with Ladies, and they all
Long'd to be toucht by me. *Aur.* You cannot cure
The *Evill*, Sir, nor have your lips the vertue
To reſtore ruines, or make old Ladies young?
Tim. Faith all the vertue that they have, is that
My lips are knighted. I am borne, ſweet Lady,
To a poore fortune that will keep my ſelfe,
And Foot-man, as you ſee, to beare my ſword
In *Cuerpo* after me; I can at Court,
If I would ſhow my gilt ith' *Preſence*, look
After the rate of ſome five thouſands
Yearely in old rents, and were my Father once
Well wrapt in ſeare-cloth, I could fine for *Sheriffe*.
Plotw. Heart, you ſpoile all. *Tim.* VVhy? *Plot.* She verily
Y'had nere a father. *Aur.* Lives your father, then Sir; (believd
That Gentleman told me he was dead. *Tim.* 'Tis true,
I had forgot my ſelfe, he was drownd, Lady,
This morning, as he went to take poſſeſsion
Of a ſummer houſe and land in the *Canaries*.
Plotw. Now y'have recoverd all. *Tim.* D' you think I have
Not wit enough to lye? *Plotw.* Break your minde to her,
She does expect it. *Tim.* But Lady this is not
The buſineſſe which I came for. *Aur.* I'me at leiſure
To heare your buſineſſe, Sir. *Plotw.* Mark that. *Tim.* Indeed,
Sweet Lady, I've a motion which was once
Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipt back againe for feare. *Aur.* Cowards nere won
Ladies, or Forts, Sir. *Tim.* Say then I ſhould feele
Some motions, Lady, of affection; might

A man repaire *Pauls* with your heart, or put it
Into a Tinder-box? *Aur.* How meane you, *Sir?*
Tim. Why is your heart a ſtone, or flint? *Aur.* Be plain, *Sir*
I underſtand you not, *Tim.* Not underſtand me?
Y' are the firſt Lady that ere put a man
To ſpeak plaine Engliſh; ſome would underſtand
Riddles, and ſignes; ſay I ſhould love you, Lady?
Aur. There ſhould be no love loſt, *Sir.* *Tim.* *Say* you ſo?
Then by this aire my teeth eene water at you;
I long to have ſome Off-ſpring by you; we
*S*hall have an excellent breed of wits; I meane
My youngeſt ſonne ſhall be a Poet; and
My Daughters, like their Mother, every one
A wench oth' game. And for my eldeſt ſonne,
He ſhall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Lets not deferre our joyes, but goe to bed
And multiply. *Aur.* *S*oft, *Sir*, the Prieſt muſt firſt
Diſcharge his office. I doe not mean to marry *Enter Dorcas out*
Like Ladies in *New England*, where they couple *of her Puritan*
With no more ceremony then birds chooſe their Mate *dreſſe.*
Upon *St Valentines* day. *Dor.* Madam the Preacher
Is ſent for to a Churching, and doth aske
If you be ready, he ſhall looſe, he ſaies,
His Chryſome elſe. *Aur.* O miracle! out of
Your litle Ruffe, *Dorcas*, and in the faſhion?
Doſt thou hope to be ſaved? *Dor.* Pray Madam doe not
Abuſe me; I will tell you more anon. (take
Plotw. Tell him ſhees comming. *Aur.* Sir, pleaſe you par-
Of a ſleight banquet? *Pl.* Juſt as you are ſate *Exit Dorcas.*
I'le ſteale the Prieſt in. *Tim.* Doe. *Pl.* When you are joind,
Be ſure you doe not overſee, but ſtraight
Retire to bed, ſhe I follow. *Tim.* Tis not three
A clock ith' after noone. *Plotw* Tis but drawing
Your Curtaines and you doe create your night.
All times to Lovers and New married folke
May be made darke. *Tim.* I will then. By this Roome She's

She's a rare Lady, I doe almoſt wiſh
I could change ſex, and that ſhe might beget
Children on me. *Plotw.* Nay will you enter? *Tim.* Ladie,
Pray will you ſhow the way. *Plotw.* Moſt Citie like,
'Slid take her by the arme, and lead her in.
Tim. Your arme ſweet Lady. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Bright. Newcut.

Br. BUt are you ſure th' are they? *New.* I'le not believe
My treacherous eies againe, but truſt ſome dog
To guide me, if I did not ſee his Uncle
Comming this way, and *Baneſwright* with him. *Br.* Who,
The fellow that brings Love to banes, and banes
To bare thighes 'bout the towne? *New.* The very ſame, Sir;
The Citie *Cupid* that ſhoots arrowes betwixt
Partie and partie. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they be brings together
Sometimes doe not ſee one another till (houſe
They meet ith' Church. *Br.* What ſay you now if *Ware-*
Should in diſpleaſure marry? *New.* Tis ſo, this fellow
In's company confirmes me. Tis the very buſineſſe
Why *Plotwell* has ſent for us. *Br.* Here they come.
Prithee lets ſtand and overheare 'em *New.* Stand cloſe then.

SCENA. V.

Enter Ware-houſe. Baneſwright.

Ware-h. MAdam *Aurelia* is her name? *Ban.* Her father
Was, Sir an Iriſh *Baron*, that undid
Himſelfe by houſe-keeping. *War.* As for her birth
I could wiſh it were meaner. As many Knights
And Juſtices of peace as have been of
The Family are reckoned into the portion;
She'l ſtill be naming of her *Anceſtors*,
Aske Jointure by the *Heralds* booke, and I
That have no *Coats*, nor can ſhow *azure Lions*,
In *Fields* of *Argent*, ſhall be ſcorn'd; ſhe'l think

Her Honour wrongd to match a man that hath
No *Scutcheons* but them of his *Company*,
Which once a yeare do ſerve to trim a Lighter
To *Weſtminſter* and back againe. *Ban.* You are
Miſtaken, ſir. This Lady as ſhe is
Deſcended of a great houſe, ſo ſhe hath
No Dowrie but her *Armies*. She can bring only
Some *Libbards* heads, or ſtrange beaſts, which you knowe
Being but Beaſts, let them derive themſelves
From *Monſters* in the *Globe*, and lineally
Proceed from *Hercules* labours, they will never
Advance her to a husband equall to
Her ſelfe in birth, that can give Beaſts too. She
Aimes only to match one that can maintaine
Her ſome way to her ſtate. She is poſſeſt
What ſtreames of gold you flow in, Sir *Ware-h.* But can ſhe
Affect my age? *Baneſ.* I askt her that; and told her
You were about ſome threeſcore, Sr, and ten;
But were as luſty as one of twenty, (or
An aged *Eunuch*) *Ware-h.* And what replyed ſhee? *Banſ.* ſhee,
Like a true *Lucrece*, anſwerd it was fit
For them to Marry by the Church booke, who
Came there to coole themſelves; But to a Mind
Chaſt and indued with vertue, age did turne
Love into Reverence. *Br.* Or Sr Reverence.
New. Prythe obſerve. *Ware-h.* Is ſhe ſo vertuous then?
Baneſ. 'Tis all the fault ſhee has, ſhe will out-pray
A Preacher at St *Antlins*; and divides
The day in exerciſe; I did commend
A great *Preciſian* to her for her woman.
Who tells me that her Lady makes her quilt
Her ſmocks before for kneeling. *Ware-h* Excellent Creature!
Baneſ. Then. Sir, ſhe is modeſt. *Ware-h.* Too. *Baneſ.*
Obſcene word ſhames her, a laſcivious Figure (The leaſt
Makes her doe pennance; and ſhe maintaines the Law

Which

Which forbids fornication, doth extend
To kiſsing too. *Ware-h.* I thinke the time an age
Till the ſolemnity be paſt, *Baneſ.* I have
Prepared her, Sr, and have ſo ſet you out!
Beſides, I told her how you had caſt of
Your *Nephew*, and to leave no doubt that you
Would ere be reconciled, before ſhe went
To Church would ſettle your eſtate on her,
And on the Heyres of her begotten. *Ware-h.* To make all ſure,
VVe'l call upon my Lawyer by the way,
And take him with us. *Baneſ.* you muſt be married, Sr,
At the *French* Church, I have beſpoke the Prieſt;
One that will joyne you i'th right *Geneva* for me,
Without a licence. *Ware-h.* But may a man
Wed in a ſtrange tongue? *Baneſ.* I have brought together
Some in *Italian*, Sr, the Language doth
Not change the ſubſtance of the Match; you know
No licence will be granted, all the Offices
Are before-hand bribed by your *Nephew*. *Ware-h.* Well,
Lets to the Lady ſtraight, to croſſe him, I
Would marry an *Arabian*, and be at charge
To keepe one to interpret, or be married
In *China* Language, or the tongue, thats ſpoke *Exit Ware.*
By the great *Cham*. *Br.* Now *Newcut*, you preceive *and Baneſ.*
My divination's true, this fellow did
Portend a wedding. *New.* Plague oth Prognoſtication.
Whod thinke that Madam were the Partye? *Br.* Oh Sr,
Shee'l call this wit to wed his bagge, and lye
With ſome *Platonick* ſervant. *New.* What if we,
Before we goe to *Plotwell*, went to her
And ſtrived to diſſwade her? *Br.* Lets make haſt,
They'l be before us elſe. *Exeunt.*

SCENA.

Scena. VI.

Enter Timothy unbuttoning himſelfe. Aurelia. Plotwell. Dorcas. Footman.

Tim. BY this hand Lady you ſhall not deny me:
Since we are coupled, I ſhall thinke the Prieſt
Has done all, as long as I'me a Virgin.
Aur. Will you not ſtay till night, Sir? *Tim.* Night? No faith,
I've ſworne to get my firſt child by day, you may
Be quick by night. *Plo.* Madam, your Knight ſpeaks reaſon.
Tim. I will both ſpeak and do it. *Aur.* Well Sir, ſince
There is no remedy, your beds prepared;
By that time you are layed I'le come, Meane time
Ile pray that Gentleman to conduct you, There's
My Footman to pluck off your ſtockens. *Plotw.* Come Sir.
Tim. Sweet Lady ſtay not long. *Plotw.* Ile promiſe for her,
Dor. Faith I admire your temperance to let *Ex. Tim. Pl.*
Your Bride-groome go to bed & you not follow. *& Footman.*
Were I in your caſe I ſhould ha gone firſt,
And warmd his place. *Aur.* Well wench but that thou haſt
Reveald thy ſelfe unto me, I de admire
To heare a Saint talke thus. To one that knowes not
The Myſtery of thy ſtrange converſion, Thou
Wouldſt ſeeme a Legend. *Dor.* Faith I have told you all,
Both why I left my School-Miſtreſſe, who taught me
To confute Curling-Irons, and why I put
My ſelfe on this adventure. *Aur.* Well wench my brother
Has had his plots on me, and Ile contribute
My help to worke thy honeſt Ones on him.
Do but performe thy taske well and thou winn'ſt him.
Dor. Let me alone; never was a man ſo fitted *Enter Footman.*
With a chaſt Bride, as *I* will fit his Uncle. *Exit.*
Foot. Madam your Knight doth call moſt fiercely for you.
Aur. Prithee, go tell him ſome buſineſſe keeps me yet,
And bid him ſtay himſelfe with this kiſſe.

Scena

Scena. VII.

As they kisse.

Enter to them Bright. Newcut.

Br. BY your leave Madam, what for practise sake
Kissing your woman? Lord how a Ladies lips
Hate *Idleness*, and will be busied, when
The rest lies fallow, And rather then want action
Be kind within themselves, an't be't enjoy,
But the poor pleasure of contemplation!
New. And how do you find her Madam? *Aur.* Stay wench.
Does it not grieve you now, and make you sigh, (*Nem.* Lord,
And very passionately accuse Nature,
And say she was too hard to make your woman
Able to kisse you only and do no more?
Br. Is it not pittie, but besides the gift
Of making *Candles*, and using of her *Pencill*,
She had the trick oth' other sexe? *Aur.* Me thinks
Your own good breeding might instruct you that
My house is not a new Foundation, where
You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedome to your unwasht Mouthes. *Dor.* My Lady
Keeps no poor *Nuns* that sin for victuals, for you,
With whom this dead vacation you may trade
For old silke stockins and halfe shirts. They say
You do offend oth' score, and sin in chalke,
And the dumbe walls complaine you are behind
In pension; so that your distressed Vestalls,
Are faine to foot their stockins, pay the Brewer,
And Land-Lords-rent in *woman kind*, and long
More earnestly for the Terme then *Norfolke* Lawers.
Br. Why you have got a second, Lady, your woman

Doth ſpeak good Countrie language. *New.* Offers at wit,
And ſhewes teeth for a jeſt. *Br.* VVe beare you are
To marrie an old Citizen. *Aur.* Then ſurelie
You were not deafe. *New.* And do you mean his age,
Which hath ſeen all the Kingdome buried thrice,
To whome the heat of *Auguſt* is *December*; *Ex. Dorcas.*
VVho, were he but in *Italy* would ſave
The charge of *Marble* vaults, and coole the aire
Better then *ventiducts*, ſhall freeze between
Your melting armes? Do but conſider, he
But marries you as he would do his furres,
To keep him warme. *Aur.* But he is rich, Sir. *Br.* Then,
In wedding him you wed more infirmities
Then ever *Gallen* wrot of; He has paines
That put the Doctors to new experiments.
Halfe his diſeaſes in the Citie bill
Kill hundreds weeklie. A lone Hoſpitall
VVere but enough for him. *New.* Beſides,
He has a cough that nightlie drownes the *Bell man*;
Calls up his Familie; all his neighbours riſe
And go by it, as by the *Chimes* and *Clock*.
Not fowre loame walls, nor ſaw duſt put between,
Can dead it. *Aur.* Yet he is ſtill rich. *Br.* If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholſome counſell, and will marrie
One who by th' courſe of Nature ought t' have been
Rotten before the Queens time, and in Iuſtice
Should now have been ſome threeſcore yeares a Ghoſt,
Let pittie move you; In this Match you quite
Deſtroie the hopes and fortunes of a Gentleman,
For whom had his penurious Uncle ſtarv'd
And pin'd himſelfe his whole life, to encreaſe
The riches he deſerves t' inherit it (*Ploſwell*;
Had been his dutie. *Aur.* You meane his Nephew

A prodigall young man; one whom the good
Old man his Uncle kept to th' Inns of Court,
And would in time ha made him *Barrester*;
And raisd him to his fattin *Cap*, and *Biggon*,
In which he might ha sold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price,
Then some their Mannors. But he did neglect
These thriving meanes, followed his loose companions,
His *Brights* and *Newcuts*; two, they say, that live
By the new Heresie *Platonick Love*.
Can take up silks upon their strengths, and pay
Their Mercer with an Infant. *Br. Newcut! New.* I,
I do observe her Character; well then
You are resolvd to marrie? *Aur.* Were the Man
A statue, so it were a golden one,
Ide have him. *Br.* Pray then take along to Church
These few good wishes. May your husband prove
So jealous to suspect that when you drinke
To anie man, you kisse the place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge meetings. Let him
Think you do Cuckold him by looks; and let him
Each night, before you go to rest, administer
A solemne oath, that all your thoughts were chast
That day, and that you sleep with all your haires.
New. And which is worse, let him forget he lay
With you himselfe, before some Magistrate
Sweare twas some other, and have it believd
Upon Record. *Pl.* Sister Ive left your Bridegroome,
Under this key lockt in, t'imbrace your pillow. *Enter*
Sure he has eat *Eringoes*, he's as hot— *Plot.*
He was about to fetch you in his shirt.
Br. Hows this? his sister? *New.* I conceive not this.
Pl. My Noble friends, you wonder now to heare
Me call her sister. *Br.* Faith, Sir, we wonder more
She should be married? *New.* I'st be your sister, we

Have

Have labourd her she should not match her Uncle,
And bring forth Riddles, Children that should be
Nephewes to their Father, and to their Uncle sonnes.
Plotw. I laugh now at your ignorance: why these
Are projects, Gentlemen; fine ginns, and projects.
Did *Rofeclaps* boy come to you? *Br.* Yes. *Pl.* I have
A rare scene for you. *New* The boy told us you were
Upon a stratagem. *Plotw.* I've sent for *Rofeclap*,
And Captaine *Quartfield* to be here. I have
Put *Salewit* into orders, he's inducted
Into the *French Church*; you must all have parts;
Br. Prithee speak out of Clowds. *Pl.* By this good light
Twere Justice now to let you both die simple,
For leaving us so scurvily. *New.* We were
Sent for in hast by th' *Benchers*, to contribute
To one of 'em thats *Reader*. *Plotw.* Come with me,
I'le tell you then, But first I'le show you a sight
Much stranger then the *Fosh*. *Dor.* Madam, heres *Banswright*
And an old Merchant doe desire accesse. *Enter Dorcas.*
Aur. Bid 'em come in. *Pl.* Gentlemen, fall off. *Ex. Dorcas.*
If we be seene the plot is spoild. Sister,
Now looke you doe your part well. *Aur.* I am perfect.
Exit Plot. Bright. Newcut.

SCENA VIII.

To Her Banswright. Ware-house. Dorcas.

Banes. MAdam, this is the Gentleman I mention'd,
I've brought him here, according to my function
To give you both an enterview; if you
Be ready, the Church and Priest are. *Aur.* Is this, Sir,
The wealthy Merchant? *Banes.* *Madam*, this is He

That

That if you'l weare the price of *Baronies*,
Or live at *Cleopatra's* rate can keepe you.
Aur. Come you a Suitor, Sir, to me? *VVare-h.* Yes Lady,
I did imploy my ſpeaker there, who hath
I hope inform'd you with my purpoſe. *Aur.* Surely,
Your ſpeaker then hath err'd; I underſtood
Him for my woman, if you can like her, Sir,
It being for ought I heare, all one to you,
I've woo'd her for you. But for my ſelfe, could you
Endow me with the ſtreame that ebbs and flowes
In waves of gold, *I* hope you doe not think
Ide ſo much ſtaine my birth as to be bought
To match into a *Company*. Sir, plainly,
I'me matcht already. *VVare-h. Banſwright*, did not you
Tell me ſhe'd have me? *Banſw.* Faith, Sir, I have eares
That might deceive me, but I did dreame waking
If ſhe were not the party. *Madam*, pray you
One word in private. *Aur.* I'le prevent you; tis true,
My Brother laid the Scene for me, but ſince
W'have changd the plot, and tis contrivd, my woman
Shall undertake my part. *Ban.* I am inſtructed.
I was miſtaken, Sir, indeed the Lady
Spoke to me for her *Gentlewoman*. How
Doe you affect her, Sir, you ſee ſhe is
As handſome as her Ladie, and her birth
Not being ſo high ſhe will more ſize with you.
VVare-h. I ſay, I like her beſt. *Her* Ladie has
Too much great houſe in her. *Ban.* Tis right; this you
May governe as you liſt. I'le motion't: *Ladie*,
Pray pardon our miſtake, indeed out Errand
Was chiefly to your *Gentlewoman*. *Aur.* Sir,
She's one whoſe fortune I ſo much intend,
And yours, Sir, are ſo faire that though there be
Much diſproportion in your age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and ſhe ſhall referre

Her

Her ſelfe to be diſpoſed by me. *Ware-h.* You much
Oblige me, *Madam.* *Aur.* *Dorcas*, this is the Merchant
I have provided for you, he is old,
But he has that will make him young, much Gold.
Dor. *Madam*, but that I ſhould offend againſt
Your care as well as my preferment, Ide
Have more experience of the Man, I meane
To make my husband. At firſt ſight to marry,
Muſt argue me of lightneſſe. *Aur.* Princes, *Dorcas*,
Doe Wooe by pictures, and Ambaſſadours,
And match in abſent Ceremonies. *Dor.* But
You look for ſome great portion, Sir. *Ware-h.* Faire Miſtreſſe,
Your vertues are to me a wealthy Dowry.
And if you love me I ſhall think you bring
More then the *Indies*. *Dor.* But, Sir, 't may be
You'l be againſt my courſe of life. I love
Retirement, muſt have times for my Devotion,
Am litle us'd to company, and hate
The vanity of viſits. *Ware-h.* This makes me
Love you the more. *Dor.* Then I ſhall never truſt you
To goe to ſea, and leave me; I ſhall dreame
Of nought but ſtormes, and Pyrats. Every winde
Will break my ſleep. *War.* Ile ſtay at home. *Dorc.* Sir, there
Is one thing more; I heare you have a Nephew,
You meane to make your Heyre. I hope you will
Settle ſome Joynture on me. *War-h.* He's ſo loſt
In my intents that to revenge my ſelfe,
I take this courſe. But to remove your doubts,
I've brought my *Lawyer* with blank deeds,
He ſhall put in your Name, and I, before
We goe to Church weel ſeale 'em. *Dorc.* On theſe termes
Where is your Prieſt, Sir? *War.* He expects me at
The *French Church*, Miſtreſſe. *Aur.* Come, when you have
I'le beare apart in the ſolemnity. (ſeald, Sir,

Exeunt.

ACTUS

Actus V. Scena I.

Plotwell. Aurelia. Bright. Newcut. Quartfield. Salewit Roſeclap. two Footmen. Cypher.

Plotw. WEll Siſter, by this hand *I* was afraid
You had marr'd all; but *I* am well content
You have outracht me. If ſhe do act it wellnow,
By *Jove I'le* have her. *Aur.* She hath ſtudied all
Her *Cues* already. *Plotw.* Gentlemen, how doe
You like the project? *Br.* Theirs was dull and cold
Compared to ours. *New.* Some *Poet* will ſteale from us
And bring't into a Comœdy. *Quartf.* The jeſt
Will more inſpire then ſack. *Plotw.* I have got *Cypher*
Over to our ſide too; He has beene up and downe *Enter Salew.*
To invite Gueſts to th' wedding. How now *Salewit like a Curat*
Are they gone home? *Salew.* Yes faith, for better for worſe;
I've read a Fiction out of *Rablais* to 'em,
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good *French Liturgie*. When *I* had done
There came a Chriſtning. *Plotw.* And didſt thou baptize
Out of thy *Rablais* too? *Salew.* No faith, I left 'em
In expectation of their *Paſtor*. *Br. Newcut*,
VVho does he looke like in that dreſſe? *New.* Hum? why
Like a *Geneva Weaver*, in black, who left
The *Looms* and entred into th' *Miniſtery*
For conſcience ſake. *Plotw.* Well Gentlemen you all
Doe know your parts, you Captaine, and *Bantſwright*
Goe get your properties. For you two, Theſe
Two *Mules* ſhall carry you in greater ſtate,
And more eaſe then the *Fiſtula*. You ſiſter
We'l leave unto your *Knight*, to come anon.

Roſe-

Roſeclap and I will thither ſtraight. You *Cypher*
Know what you have to doe? *Sola.* And as for me
I'me an invited *Gueſt*, and am to bleſſe
The *Veniſon* in *French*, or in a Grace
Of broken *Engliſh*. *Quart.* Before we doe divide
Our Army, let us dip our Roſemaries
In one rich bowle of ſack to this brave girle,
And to the Gentleman that was my *Fiſh*.
All. Agreed, Agreed. *Plotw.* Captaine you ſhall dip firſt.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Wareshouſe. Dorcas.

My deareſt *Dorcas*, welcome. Here you ſee
The houſe you muſt be miſtreſſe of, which with
This kiſſe I doe confirme unto you. *Dor.* Forbeare, Sir.
Ware-h. How wife, refuſe to kiſſe me? *Dor.* Yes, unleſſe
A ſweeter ayre came from you; y' have turnd my ſtomack.
I wonder you can be ſo rude to aske me,
Knowing your *Lungs* are periſht. *Ware-h.* This is rare
That I ſhould live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten! *Dor.* *I* ſhall never
Endure your Converſation; *I* hope you have
Contriv'd two *Beds*, two *Chambers*, and two *Tables*;
It is an *Article* that I ſhould live,
Retir'd, that is, a part. *Ware-h.* But pray you wife
Are you in earneſt. *Dor.* D' you think Ile jeſt with age?
War. Will you not lie with me then? *Dor.* Did ever Man
Of your haires aſk ſuch queſtions? *I* doe bluſh
At your unreaſonableneſſe. *War.* Nay then.
Dor. Iſt fit I ſhould be buried? *Ware-h.* *I* reach you not.

Dor.

Dor. VVhy to lie with you were a direct *Emblem*
of going to my grave. *Wareh.* I underſtand you.
Dor. I'le have your picture ſet in my wedding ring
For a *Deaths* head. *Wareh.* I do conceive you. *Dor.* I'de
Rather lie with an ancient *Tombe*, or embrace
An *Anceſtor* then you. D' you think *I*le come
Between your winding ſheets? For what? to heare you
Depart all night, and fetch your laſt groane? and
*I*th' morning find a Deluge on the floore,
Your Entrailes floating, and halfe my husband ſpit
Upon the Arras? *Ware.* I am married—— *Dor.* Then;
For your abilities, ſhould twelve good women
Sit on theſe reverend locks, and on your heat,
And naturall appetite, they would juſt find you
As youthfull as a Coffin, and as hot
As th' ſultrie winter that froze ore the Thames;
They ſay the hard time did begin from you.
Wareh. Good, I am made the curſe of *Watermen.*
Dor. Your humors come froſt from you, and your noſe
Hath yſicles in *lune*. *War.* Aſſiſt me patience:
VVhy heare you miſtreſſe, you that have a feaver,
And Dog daies in your blood, if you knew this
VVhy did you marrie me? *Dor.* Ha, ha, ha. *War.* She laughs!
Dor. That your experienced ache, that hath felt ſprings
And falls this fortie yeares, ſhould be ſo dull
To think *I* have not them that ſhall ſupply
Your cold defects. *VVar.* You have your ſervants then?
And *I* am forkt? hum? *Dor.* Do you think
A woman young, high in her blood——. *VVar.* And hot
As *Goats*, or *Marmoſites*—— *Dor.* Apt to take flame at
Every temptation——. *VVar.* And to kindle at
The picture of a Man——. *Dor.* VVould wed duſt, aſhes,
A Monument, unleſſe ſhe were—— *VVar.* Crackt, tried,
And broken up?—— *Dor.* Right, Sir, or lackt a Cloke?

VVar.

VVar. Miſchiefe and Hell, and was there none to make
Your cloke but I? *Dor.* Not ſo well lin'd. VVar. O you
Staid for a wealthie Cuckold, your tame beaſt
Muſt have his guilded hornes. *Dor.* Yes, Sir; Beſides
Your age being impotent, you would I knew
In conſcience winke at my ſtolne helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad. *War.* Yes, yes, yes, yes,
You ſhall be comforted, I will maintaine
A Stallion for you. *Dor.* I will have friends come to me
So you'l conceale. *War.* Alas, I'le be your Pander;
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.
Dor. Ile have a woman ſhall do that. *VVar.* O impudence!
Unheard of impudence! *Dor.* Then, Sir, Ile look
Your Coffers ſhall maintaine me at my rate.
VVar. Hows that? *Dor.* VVhy like a Ladie; for I do mean
To have you Knighted. *VVar. I* ſhall riſe to honour.
Dor. D'you think Ile have your *Factor* move before me,
Like a Device ſtirr'd by a wier, or like
Some grave Clock wound up to a regular pace?
VVar. No, you ſhall have your Uſher, *Dame*, to ſtalk
Before you like a buskind *Prologue*, in
A ſtately, high, majeſtick motion, bare.
Dor. I do expect it; yes, Sir, and my Coach,
Six horſes, and *Poſtilion*; four are fit
For them that have a charge of Children; you
And I ſhall never have anie. *VVar.* If we have,
All *Middleſex* is Father. *Dor.* Then Ile have
My Footman to run by me when I viſit,
Or take the aire ſometimes in *Hide parke*. VVar. You,
Beſides being chaſt, are good at Races too?
You can be a *Jockey* for a need? *Dor.* Y'are pleaſant, Sir.
VVar. VVhy hark you, hark you, Miſtreſſe, you told me
You lovd retirement, loved not viſits, and bargaind
I ſhould not carry you abroad. *Dor.* You? no;

Ist fit I ſhould be ſeen at *Court* with you?
Such an odde ſight as you, would make the *Ladies*
Have melancholy thoughts. *Ware-h.* You bound me too
I ſhould not goe to Sea, you lov'd me ſo,
You could not be without me. *Dor.* Not if you ſtaid
Above a yeare; for ſhould *I*, in a long voyage,
Prove fruitfull, I ſhould want a father to
The *Infant*. *War.* Moſt politiquely kinde,
And like a Whore perfect ith' myſtery.
It is beyond my ſufferance. *Dor.* Pray, Sir, vex,
I'le in, and ſee your Jewels, and make choice
Of ſome for every day, and ſome to weare *Exit.*
At Maſques. *VVar.* Tis very good. Two daies
Of this *I* ſhall grow mad, or, to redeeme
My ſelfe, commit ſome outrage--O. O. O.

SCENA III.

To him Plotwell, and Roſeclap.

Plotw. SIr, *I* am ſorry ſuch a light offence
Should make ſuchdeep impreſſions in you; But that
Which more afflicts me then the loſſe of my
Great hopes, is, that y' are likely to be abuſed, Sir,
Strangely abus'd, Sir, by one *Baneſwright*. I heare
You are to marry. *VVar.* Did you heare ſo?
Plotw. Madam *Aurelia's* woman. *VVar.* What of her, Sir?
Plotw. Why, Sir, I thought it duty to informe you,
That you were better match a ruind *Bawd*;
One ten times cured by *ſweating*, and the *Tub*,
Or paind now with her fiftieth *Ach*, whom not
The power of *Uſquebaugh*, or heat of feavers
Quickens enough to wiſh; one of ſuch looks,
That Judges of Aſſize, without more proofe,

Suſpect, arraigne, and burn for witchcraft. *War.* VVhy pray?
Plotw. For ſhe being paſt all motions, impotence
Will be a kinde of Chaſtity, and you
Might have her to your ſelfe, but here is one
Knowes this to be— *War.* An arrant whore: *Roſ.* I ſee
You have heard of her, Sir; Indeed ſhe has (Yes, Sir,
Done pennance thrice. *War.* How ſay you, pennance? *Roſc.*
And ſhould have ſufferd— *War.* Carting, ſhould ſhe not?
Roſ. The *Marſhall* had her, Sir. *VVar.* I ſweat, *I* ſweat.
Roſ. She's of known practice, Sir, the clothes ſhe weares
Are but her *quarters ſinnes*, ſhe has no linnen
But what ſhe firſt offends for. *War.* O bleſt Heaven
Look downe upon me. *Plotw.* Nay, Sir, which is more,
She has three children living, has had foure. (Sir,
War. How? *Children?* Children ſay you? *Plotw.* Aske him
One by a *French-Man.* *Roſ.* Another by a *Dutch.*
Plotw. A third, Sir, by a *Moore*, borne of two colours,
Juſt like a *Sergeants Man.* *War.* VVhy ſhe has knowne then
All *Tongues* and *Nations.* *Roſ.* She has beene laine with far-
Then ever *Coryat* travaild, and laine in (ther.
By two parts of the Map, *Afrique*, and *Europe.*
As if the *State* maintaind her to allay
The heat of *Forrainers.* *VVar.* O-O-O-O.
Plotw. VVhat aile you, Sir? *Ware-h.* O *Nephew I* am not well,
I am not well. *Plotw.* I hope you are not married.
VVar. It is too true. *Roſ.* God help you then. *VVar-h. Amen*;
Nephew forgive me. *Roſ.* Alas good Gentleman. (in hell
Plotw. VVould you truſt *Baneſwright*, Sir? *VVar-h. Nephew*
There's not a torment for him; O that I could
But ſee that cheating *Rogue* upon the rack now:
Ide give a thouſand pound for every ſtretch,
That ſhould enlarge the *Rogue* through all his joints,
And but juſt ſhow him hell, and then recall
His broking ſoule, and give him ſtrength to ſuffer
His torture often; I would have the *Raſcall*

Think

Think hanging a reliefe, and be as long
A dying as a chopt *Eele*, that the *Divell*
Might have his ſoule by peeces, who's here? a Saylor?

Enter Cypher like a Sayler.

Scena IV.

To them Cypher.

Cyp. ARe you, Sir, *Vvare-houſe*, the rich Merchant? *Vvar.* Sir, My name is *Ware-houſe*. *Cy.* Then you are not, Sir, So rich by two ſhips as you were. *Vvar.* How meane you?

Cyph. Your two ſhips, Sir, that were now comming home From *Ormus* are both caſt away; the wrack And burden on the place was valued at Some forty thouſand pound. All the men periſht, By th' violence of the ſtorme, only my ſelfe Preſerv'd my life by ſwimming, till a ſhip Of *Briſtoll* tooke me up, and brought me home To be the ſad reporter. *Warh.* Was nothing ſav'd?

Cyph. Two ſmall Caskes; one of blew Figs, the other Of pickeld *Muſhromes*; which ſerv'd me for bladders, And kept me up from ſinking. Twas a ſtorme Which, Sir, I will deſcribe to you. The Windes Roſe of a ſudden with that tempeſtuous force——

War. Prithee no more; I have heard too much. Would I Had been ith' tempeſt. *Cyph.* Good your worſhip, give A poore ſea-faring man your charitie, To carry me back againe. I'me come above *A* hundred mile to tell you this. *War.* Goe in, *And* let my *Factor* if he be come in, Reward thee, ſtay and ſup to. *Cyph.* Thank your Worſhip.

War. Why ſhould I not now hang my ſelfe? Or if *Ex. Cyph.* It be a fate that will more hide it ſelfe, And keep me from diſcredit, tie ſome weight

About my neck, to ſink me to the bottome
Oth' *Thames*, not to be found, to keep my body,
From riſing up and telling tales. Two wracks!
And both worth forty thouſand pound there! why
That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown my ſelfe; I nothing have to doe
Now in this world but drown my ſelfe. *Plotw.* Fie theſe
Are deſperate reſolutions. Take heart, *Sir*,
There may be wates yet to relieve you. *Var.* How?
Plotw. Why for your loſt ſhips, ſay, *Sir*, I ſhould bring
Two oth' *Aſſurance Office* that ſhould warrant
Their ſafe returne, tis not knowne yet. Would you
Give three parts to ſecure the fourth? *Var.* Ide give
Ten to ſecure one. *Plotw.* Well, *Sir*, and for your wife,
Say I ſhould prove it were no lawfull match?
And that ſhe is another Mans? Youd take
The peece of ſervice well. *Var.* Yes, and repent,
That when I had ſo good an Heyre begot
Unto my hand, I was ſo raſh to aime
At one of my own dotage. *Plot.* Say no more, *Sir*,
But keep the *Saylor* that he ſtir not, Wee'l *Exit Plotw.*
About it ſtraight. *War.* How much I was deceiv'd *& Rojcl.*
To think ill of my *Nephew*. In whoſe revenge
I ſee the Heavens frowne on me; Seas and Winds
Swell and rage for him againſt me. But I will
Appeaſe their furies; and be reconciled.

SCENA. V.

To him Sea-thrift. Ms *Sea-thrift.* Ms *Holland.*
Ms *Scruple.*

Ms *Sea.* MUch joy to you, Sir, you have made quick diſ-
patch
All in an houre, my husband was ſo long
I like a man that can love, wooe, and wed,

A getting me, ſo many friends conſents
Were to be askt, that when we came to Church
Twas not a Marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.
Ms *Holl.* I lookt to find you abed, and a young *Sheriffe*
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From Church, by this time had his Cawdle; I
Had not a Garter left, nor he a point.
Ms *Crw.* Surely all that my husband did the firſt
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought Caps more, to allay his Rheume.
Ms *Holl.* We heare y' have matcht a Courtier, Sir, a Gallant;
One that can ſpring fire in your Bloud, and dart
Freſh flames into you. Ms *Sea.* Sir, you are not merry;
Me thinks you doe not looke as you were married.
Ms *Holl.* You rather look as you had loſt your *Love.*
Ms *Scrw.* Or, elſe as if your *Spouſe* Sir, had rebukt you.
Sea. How is it, Sir? you ſee I have brought along
My *Fidlers* with me; my *wife* and Ms *Holland*
Are good winde Inſtruments. Tis enough for me
To put on ſadneſſe. *War.* You, Sir, have no cauſe.
Seath. Not *I?* aske Ms *Scruple.* I have loſt
My *Daughter.* Sir ſhe's ſtolne. Then, Sir, I have
A ſpendthrift to my ſonne. *VVareh.* Theſe are felicities
Compard to me. You have not matcht a Whore, Sir,
Nor loſt two ſhips at ſea. *Sea.* Nor you, I hope.
VVar. Truth is you are my friends. I am abus'd,
Groſſely fetcht over. I have matcht a *Stewes;*
The notedſt woman oth' Towne. Ms *Seath.* *Indeed I* heard
She was a *Chamber-maid.* Ms *Holl.* And they by their place,
Doe wait upon the *Lady*, but belong
Unto the *Lord. Sea.* But is this true? *VVar.* Here was
My *Nephew* juſt now, and one *Roſeclap*, who tell me
She has threee Children living: one *dapple grey*,
Halfe *Moore*, halfe *Engliſh.* Knowes as many men

As ſhe that ſinned by th' *Calendar*, and divided (neſſe!
The nights oth' yeare with ſeverall men. *Sea.* Bleſſe me good-
War. Then like a man condemnd to all misfortunes,
I have eſtated her in all I have.
Sea. How? *War.* Under hand and ſeale, Sir, irrecoverably.
Enter Salewit.

SCENA VI.

To them Sale-wit.

Ms *Holl.* LOok Ms *Scruple* here's your husband. *Salew.* Be
The leave ofe the faire *Compance*. Ms *Scrup.* My
His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take (Husband?
This to be ſome *Dutch-Elder*. *Sal.* VVhere is
The *Breed* an *Breed-groome*? Oh, *Monſieur*, Ime com't
To give you zhoy, and bleſſe your *Capon*; were
Is your faire *Breed*? *Ware-h.* O *Monſieur*, you have joynd me
To a chaſt Virgin. VVould when I came to you
Y' had uſed your Ceremonies about my Funerall.
Sal. Fooneralll? Is your *Breed* dead? *War.* VVould ſhe were
I'de double your Fee, *Monſieur*, to burie her.
Sal. Ee can but leetle *Engliſh*. *War.* No, I ſee
You are but new come over. *Sal. Dover?* Tere
Ee landed. *War.* I, Sir, pray walk in; that doore
VVill land you in my dining roome. *Sal.* Ee tank you. *Exit.*
Ware-h. This is the *Prieſt* that married us. *Sea.* This is
A *French-man* iſt no? *Ware-h.* Twas at the *French Church*.

SCENA VII.

Enter to them two Footmen bearing the Frame of a great Picture. Curtaines drawne.

1 *Foot.* SEt'em down gently, ſo. 2. *Foo.* They make me ſweat.
Pictures quoth you: ſlight they have weight enough
To be the *Parties*. 1 *Foot.* My Ladie, Sir, has ſent
A preſent to your wife. *War.* What Lady pray?

1 *Foot*

1 *Foot.* Madam *Aurelia*, Sir. *War.* Oh— 2 *Foot.* Sir, they are
A brace of *Pictures* with which my Ladie praies
She will adorne her *Chamber*. *Ware.* *Male Pictures* pray,
Or *Female?* 1 *Foot.* Why d' you aske? *VVareh.* Becauſe me thinks
It ſhould be *Mars* and *Venus* in a Net,
Aretines poſtures, or a naked *Nymph*,
Lying aſleep, and ſome laſcivious *Satyr*
Taking her lineaments. Theſe are pictures which
Delight my wife. 2 *Foot.* Theſe are *Night-pieces*, Sir,
Ms. *Holl.* Lord how I long to ſee 'em? I have at home
The fineſt raviſht *Lucrece!* Ms. *Scru.* So have I
The fineſt fall of *Babylon!* There is
A fat *Monk* ſpewing *Churches*; ſave your preſence.
Ms. *Holl.* Pray will you open 'em. 1 *Foot.* My *Lady* charged us
None ſhould have ſight of 'em, Sir, but your wife.
VVar. Becauſe you make ſo daintie, I will ſee 'em. *Draws the*
2 *F.* Tis out of our Cõmiſſion. *VVar.* But not of mine. *Curtains*
Hell & damnation! 1 *F.* How d' you like 'em, Sir? *within are*
Ms. *Holl.* Look they are pictur'd in their cloathes. *diſcovered*
Ms. *Sea.* They ſtir too. *Bright and*
2 *Foot.* Sir, they are drawn to life; a *Maſters* Hand *Newcut.*
Went to 'em I aſſure you. *War.* Out Varlets, Bawds,
Panders, avoid my houſe. O Divell! are you *They come out.*
My wives *Night-pieces? Br.* Sir, you are rude, uncivill,
And would be beaten. *New.* We cannot come in private
On buſineſſe to your wife, but you muſt be
Inquiſitive, Sir? Thank God tis in your own houſe,
The place protects you. *Br.* If ſuch an Inſolence
Scape unrevengd, henceforth no *Ladies* ſhall *Enter Dor.*
Have ſecret ſervants. *New.* Here ſhe comes, we'l aſk
If ſhe gave you Commiſſion to be ſo bold.
VVar. Why this is far beyond example rare.
Now I conceive what is *Platonick* Love,
Tis to have men like *Pictures* brought diſguiſed,
To Cuckold us with vertue. *They whiſper.*

Scena viii.

To them Dorcas.

Dor. HE would not offer't would he? *Br.* We have been
In danger to be searcht; hereafter we
Must first be questiond by an *Officer*,
And bring it under hands we are no Men,
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obteine accesse. *New.* We do expect
In time your Husband to preserve you chast,
Should keep you with a gard of *Eunuchs*; or
Confine you, like *Italians*, to a roome
Where no *male Beast* is pictur'd, least the sight
Of ought that can beget, should stir desires.
Dor. I mar'le, Sir, who did license you to prie,
Or spie out any friends that come to me;
It shewes an unbred Curiositie;
Which Ile correct hereafter, you will dare
To break up Letters shortly, and examine
My *Taylor*, least when he brings home my gowne
There be a Man in't. I'le have whom I list,
In what disguise I list, and when I list,
And not have your sower eies so sawcie, to peep,
As if you by prevention meant to kill
A *Basilisk*. *War.* Mistresse, do what you list,
Send for your Couch out, lie with your Gallants there
Before us all, Or if you have a minde
To fellowes that can lift weights, I can call
Two *Footmen* too. *Sea.* You are too patient, Sir.
Send for the *Marshall*, and discharge your house.
Ms *Sea.* Trulie a handsome woman, what pittie tis
She is not honest? Ms *Holt.* Two proper Gentlemen too.
Lord that such *Pictures* might be sent to me.

Scena

SCENA ULTIMA.

Enter to them Plotwell and Roſeclap, with Baneſwright and Quartfield diſguiſed.

War. O Nephew welcome to my ranſome; here
My houſe is made a new *Erection*; Gallants
Are brought in varied formes. Had I not lookt
By providence into that frame, Theſe two
Had been conveighd for *Night-pieces* and *Lantſkips*
Into my chaſt *Brides* chamber. Till now ſhe took
And let her ſelfe out; now ſhe will be able
To hire, and buy *Offenders*. *Plot.* I'le eaſe you, Sir,
We two have made a full diſcoverie of her.
Roſ. She's marri'd to another man, Sir. *War.* Good.
Nephew thou art my bleſſed *Angell*: who
Are theſe two? *Plotw.* Two that will ſecure your *Ships*;
Sent by the *Office*. Seale you, Sir, Th' have brought
Th' *Aſſurance* with'em. *war.* *Nephew* thou wert born
To be my deare preſerver. *Plotw.* It is dutie, Sir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen, *They ſub-*
Produce your *Inſtruments*. Uncle put your ſeale, *ſcribe, ſeale, &*
And write your name here, they will do the like *deliver inter-*
To the other parchment. So, now deliver. *changeably.*
War. I do deliver this as my *Act* and *Deed.*
Ban. Quart. And we this as our *Act* and *Deed.* *Pl.* Pray Gen-
Be witneſſe here. Upon a doubtfull Rumour (tlemen
Of two *Ships* wrackt as they returnd from *Ormus*,
My Uncle Covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth ſecured. And theſe two here *Sea. Roſ. Br. Now*
As *Delegates* of the Office, undertake *ſubſcribe as wit-*
At that rate to aſſure them. Uncle now *neſſes.*
Call forth the *Saylor*, & ſend for the Prieſt *Ent. Sale. & Cyph.*
That married you. *War.* Look here they come. *Plot.* Firſt then,
No;

Not to afflict you longer, Uncle, since
We now are quit, know, all this was my project.
War. How? *Plot.* Your two Ships are richlie landed: if
You'l not believe me, heres the *Saylor*, who *Cyph. undisguises.*
Transformd to *Cypher*, can tell you. *Cyph.* Tis verie true, Sir.
I hired this travailing case of one oth *Sailors*,
That came in one of 'em. They lie at *Black-wall.*
Troth I in pitty, Sir, to Mr *Plotwell*,
Thought it my dutie to deceive you. *VVar.* Very well, Sir.
VVhat are these *Masquers* too? *Plot.* Faith, Sir, these *Ex. Cyph.*
Can change their formes too. They are two friends *they un-*
Worth threescore thousand pound, Sir, to my use. *disguise.*
VV*ar.* *Baneswright*, & Captain *Quartfield!* *Qu.* Nay old boie
Th' hast a good pennie-worth on't. The jest is worth
Three parts of four. *Ban.* Faith, Sir, we hope you'l paie
Tunnage and *Poundage* into th' bargaine. VV*ar.* O
You are a precious *Rogue*, you ha preferd me
To a chast *Lucrece*, Sirrah. *Ban.* Your *Nephew*, Sir,
Hath married her with all her faults, They are
New come from *Church.* VV*ar.* How? *Pl.* VVonder not, Sir,
VVere married but in jest. Twas no *Church-forme*, (you
But a fine Legend out of *Rablais.* *Sal.* Troth *Salw. undis-*
This reverend weed cast off, I'me a laie *Poet*, *guises.*
And cannot marrie unless't be in a *Play*,
In the *fift Act* or so; and thats almost
VVorne out of fashion too. Ms *Sea.* These are the two
That showd my son. Ms. *Holl.* Lets have our monie back.
Plotw. But Uncle for the Joynture, you have made her,
I hope youl not retract. That and three parts
Of your two Ships, besides what you will leave
Us at your death, will make a pretty stock
For young beginners. VV*ar.* Am I o'rereacht so finelie?
Sea. But are you married, Sir, in earnest? *Plot.* Troth,
VVe have not been abed yet, but may goe,
And no Law broken. *Sea.* Then I must tell you, Sir,

Y' have

Y' have wronged me, and I look for ſatisfaction.
Plotw. VVhy? I beſeech you, Sir. *Sea.* sir, were not you
Bethrothd once to my daughter? Ms *Seash.* And did not I,
And Ms *Holland* help to make you ſure?
Plot. I do confeſſe it. *Sea.* *Beare* witneſſe, Gentlemen,
He doth confeſſe it. *Plot.* Ile ſweare it too, Sir. *Sea.* VVhy
Then have you matcht this woman? *Plot.* VVhy? becauſe
This is your Daughter, Sir, I'me hers by Conqueſt,
For this daies ſervice. *Sea.* Iſt poſſible I ſhould
Be out in my own child ſo? Mr *Sea.* I told you husband.
Ms *Scrn.* Surelie my ſpirit gave me it was ſhe.
And yet to ſee, now you have not your *Wire*,
Nor *Citie Ruffe* on, Miſtreſſe *Sue*, how theſe
Cloathes do beguile. In truth I took you for
A *Gentlewoman.* *Sea.* Here be rare plots indeed.
VVhy how now, Sir, theſe young heads have outgone us.
Was my Son oth plot too? *Plotw.* Faith, Sir, he
Is married too; I did ſtrike up a wedding *Ent. Tim. Aur.*
Between him and my ſiſter, *Pen.* Look, Sir,
They come without their Maidenheads. *Sea.* Why this
Is better ſtill. Now, Sir, you might have askt
Conſent of *Parents.* *Tim.* Pray forgive me, Sir.
I thought I had matcht a Ladie, but ſhe proves —
Sea. Much better, Sir; Ide chide you as a *Fiſh*
But that your choice pleads for you. *Tim.* Mother pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips; nay you too, Ms *Holland*;
You taught her to make *ſhirts* and *Bonelaces*; ſhe's
Out of her time now. Ms *Holl.* I releaſe her, Sir.
War. I took your ſiſter for a Ladie, *Nephew.*
Plot. I kept her like one, Sir, my *Temple* ſcores
Went to maintaine the Title, out of hope
To gaine ſome great match for her, which you ſee
Is come to paſſe. *War.* Well, Mr. *Seathrift*, things
Are juſt fallen out as we contrivd 'em; I

Grieve

Grieve not I am deceived. Believe me, *Gentlemen*,
You all did your parts well: twas carried cleanly;
And though I could take some things ill of you
Faire Mistresse, yet twas plot, and I forget it;
Lets in and make 'em Portions. *Sea.* Lead the way, Sir.
Ban. Pray stay a little. *War.* More Revelations yet?
Ban. I all this while have stood behind the Curtaines
You have a brother, Sir, and you a father.
Plot. If he do live, I have. *Ban.* He in his time
Was held the wealthiest Merchant on th' *Exchange*.
War. Tis true, but that his shipwracks broke him. *Ban.* And
The debt for which he broke I bear you have *Banesw. un-*
Cõpounded. *Sea.* I am paid it. *Ban.* Then I thank you. *disguise.*
War. My brother *Plotwell*! *Ban.* Son I wish you joy.
Plot. O my blest starres! my Father! *Ban.* And to you, faire
Let it not breed repentance that I have, (Mistresse,
For my securitie to scape your Father,
A while descended from my selfe to this
Unworthie shape. Now I can cast it off.
And be my true selfe. I have a ship which fame
Gave out for lost but just now landed too,
Worth twentie thousand pounds towards your Match.
Sea. Better and better still. *War.* Well what was wanting
Unto our joies and made these *Nuptials*
Imperfect, Brother you by your discoverie *Enter Cypher.*
Have fullie added. *Cyph.* Sir, The two *Sheriffs* are
Within and have both brought their Wives. *War.* The Feast
Intended for my wedding shall be yours.
To which I adde, may you so love, to say
When old, your time was but one Marriage Day.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE
AT
WHITE--HALL.

THe Author *was deceiv'd, for ſhould the Parts,*
And Play which you have ſeen, plead Rules and Arts,
Such as ſtrict Criticks *write by, who refuſe*
T' allow the Buskin *to the* Comick Muſe,
Whoſe Region is the People, every ſtraine
Of Royalty being Tragick, though none ſlaine:
He'd now, Great Sir, *hold all his Rules untrue,*
And thinks his beſt Rules is the Queene *and* You.
He ſhould have ſearcht the Stories of each Age,
And brought five Acts of Princes *on the Stage.*
He ſhould have taken meaſure, and rais'd ſport,
From perſons bright, and glorious as your Court;
And ſhould have made his Argument to be
Fully as high, and great as They *that ſee.*
Here, he confeſſeth, you did nothing meet
But what was firſt a Comœdy ith' ſtreet:
Cheapſide *brought into verſe, no paſſage ſtrange*
To any here that hath been at th' Exchange.
Yet he hopes none doth valew it ſo low
As to compare it with my Lord Maiours *ſhow.*
Tis ſo unlike, that ſome, he feares, did ſit,
Who miſſing Pageants *did ore'ſee the wit.*
Since then his Scene no pomp or Highneſſe boaſt,
And low things graced ſhow Princes Princes *moſt,*
Your Royall *ſmiles will raiſe't, and make him ſay,*
He onely wrote, your liking made the Play.

The

THE EPILOGVE
AT BLACK-FRIERS.

ONce more the *Author*, ere you riſe, doth ſay
Though he have publique warrant for his play,
Yet he to the *Kings* command needs the *Kings Writ*
To keep him ſafe, not to be arraigned for *Wit*.
Not that he feares his name can ſuffer wrack
From them who ſix-pence pay, and ſix-pence crack.
To ſuch he wrote not, though ſome parts have been
So like here, that Themſelves came in.
To Them who call't reproofe to make a face,
Who think they judge when they frown ith' wrong place;
Who if they ſpeak not ill oth' *Poet*, doubt
They looſe by the Play, nor have their two ſhillings out
He ſaies, he hopes, they'l not expect he'd wooe,
The Play being done, their ſowre looks too.
But before you who did true Hearers ſit,
Who ſingly make a box, and fill the Pit,
Who to his *Comœdy* read and unſeen,
Had thronged *Theaters*, and *Black-Friers* been,
He for his Doome ſtands; your *Hands* are his *Bayes*;
Since They can onely clap, who know to praiſe.

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